

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume X. }

No. 1619. — June 19, 1875.

{ From Beginning
{ Vol. CXXV.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

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THE GRAVE'S VOICES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY
ANTONIA DICKSON.

SUNK as in dreams, and lost in anxious thought
My footsteps brought me to this lonely spot.
To whom belongs the field? this flowery bed?
"The dead."

Enter thou in, my soul; why shouldst thou
fear?

Nought but sweet buds and flowers are bloom-
ing here.

Whence comes the essence for these sweet
perfumes?

"From tombs."

See here, O man! where all thy paths must
end,

However varied be the way they wend.

Listen! the dead leaves speak; ay, hear thou
must:

"To dust."

Where are the careless hearts that on the
earth

Trembled in pain, or beat so high in mirth?

Those in whose breasts the flame of hatred
smouldered?

"Mouldered."

Where are the mighty who take life by storm?

Who e'en to heaven's heights wild wishes
form.

What croak the ravens on yon moss-grown
wall?

"Buried all."

Where are the dear ones in Death's cold
sleep lying,

To whom Love swore a memory undying?

What wail yon cypress-trees?—oh, hear'st
thou not?

"Forgot."

To see where these ones passed, did no eye
crave?

May *no* wild longing pierce beyond the grave?
The fir-trees shake their weird heads one by
one;

"None, none."

The evening wind amid the trees is sighing,
Fettered in dreams, my saddened soul is lying,

The twilight falls, the red glow paleth fast—

"'Tis past."

Chambers' Journal.

THE BEE AND THE WHEAT.

AN APOLOGY.

A HONEY-BEE went booming
Over the whitening wheat,
Her way she knew, and straight she flew
Home with her burden sweet.

And the ears, as they rustled faintly,
Appeared in accents saintly

This burden to repeat—

"More useful are we than honey-bee
Though she labour long and merrily."

"Yes," each said, his confident head
Leaning towards his neighbour;

"We alone are the givers of bread,
The rewarders of all men's labour;

To baron and boor,

To cottar and king,

To the rich and the poor

Our blessing we bring,

More useful by far than this sonorous thing."

The bee swung high

The tall hedge over,

And hummed her reply

As she skimmed the clover:

"My harvest may be small,

Yet it is far sweeter,

Yielding more delight

To high or lowly eater.

You give food to man,

But it lacketh savour;

Scant the gift I bring,

But of delicious flavour."

"Thanks to thee for answer thine,

O most sapient hummer!

To each prosy comer

'Twill be answer mine,"

Said the singer;

"When men dine,

I would pour the wine—

I would be the honey-bringer."

Examiner.

H. B. BAILDON.

RETHEL'S WOODCUT, DER TOD ALS
FREUND.

SEE, the long day is drawing to its close;

The sun dips down; the night flows in
apace,

With spray-cool breath, blown freshly in
my face,

And wavelet whisperings of a long repose.

And who art thou—how still the twilight
grows—

Hast stolen in to take my ringer's place?

Ah, Death, old friend, for this I yield thee
grace,

Thou art as welcome as a winter's rose.

Here will I sit, and listen to the bell

Ripple the silence that is gathering round

With sounds that swoon, and swoon, and
faintly swell,

And swoon again, till silence and sweet
sound

Melt in the murmur of a faint farewell—

Die into nothing—and so rest—is found.

Examiner.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

From The British Quarterly Review.
GASPARD DE COLIGNY.*

IN a former paper in this review (July, 1873) we endeavoured to show that the defection of the scholars was the principal cause of the failure of the French Reformation. Those, we said, stood aloof who should have helped; those remained to scoff who came to pray; and when the time at length arrived for the Reformers to claim religious liberty there was on their side but a small handful, led by Beza, to represent the scholars of France. The Reformation of France, under these, among other unfortunate conditions, never had the slightest chance of becoming the religion of the country. There was in its veins that disease of the blood which, while the victim bears himself bravely and with every outward show of strength, slowly saps away his vigour and leaves him helpless when the day of struggle comes. France has its long roll of Protestant confessors, longer than that of England, if not more glorious. Against Latimer and Hooper, France may set Roussel and Louis de Berquin; against every poor artisan burned by Henry and Mary, France has her dozens, as zealous, as faithful to the end; against the execution of three or four hundred Englishmen, France can show the massacre of a hundred thousand. There is in the history of every religious persecution a dreadful monotony of enthusiasm, patience, and perseverance; for all can endure who believe. But the blood of her martyrs made England loathe the religion of the persecutors; and the blood of hers gave France a greater thirst for more, so that the martyrdom of the French confessors seems to have been in vain. We propose in this paper to treat especially of the man

who headed and ruled the Huguenot party during those fifteen years of struggle which ended with the day of St. Bartholomew. It is the period which shows all the strength as well as all the weakness of the Reformed party; and it was illumined by the genius, tenacity, and courage of one without whom Protestantism in France, with no great centre of strength, and spread loosely over the country, would have been taken in detail and stamped out like free thought in Spain. Protestant writers make of Coligny a demigod; they will admit no blemish in his character. They paint him like some actor moving across a stormy stage under the limelight, workings miracle with a devoted soldiery. Signs from heaven accompany his progress; he is really inspired with prescience of the enemy's doings; he is more than a man. They even exaggerate his age, so as to heighten the details of the last tragic scene of his life, depicting the vengeance of Guise as worked upon the feeble frame of a venerable old man. In what account of the Bartholomew massacre do we fail to hear of "good Coligny's hoary hair bedabbled o'er with blood"? As we shall see in the end, the admiral at the time of his death was not an old man at all. And they have insisted on turning into an enthusiast the most sensible, prudent, and clear-sighted soldier of the age. Curiously enough there is no English life of this great man; many English authors have written of the French religious wars, but none have thought Coligny worthy, by himself, of special study. It is, however, a proof of his greatness that in his own country he has had many biographers, both among friends and foes. We have before us two, recently published, from opposite points of view; the one reluctantly conceding to the admiral all those qualities which most command the world's admiration, the other resolute to see in his hero none even of the smallest weaknesses which beset human nature. The author of the former is the Prince de Caraman Chimay; of the latter, M. Jules Tessier.

Gaspard de Coligny, Marquis de Châ-

* (1.) *Gaspard de Coligny, Amiral de France*. Par le Prince EUGENE DE CARAMAN CHIMAY. Paris. 1873.

(2.) *L'Amiral Coligny*. Par JULES TESSIER. Paris. 1872.

(3.) *Brantôme, Vies des Hommes Illustres*.

(4.) *La Noue, Discours Politiques et Militaires*.

(5.) *Gaspard de Tavannes, Mémoires sur*.

(6.) *Castelnau, Mémoires de*.

(7.) *Discours sur le Siège de Saint Quentin*. Par GASPARD DE COLIGNY.

(8.) *Sismondi, Histoire des Français*.

tillon, belonged to a great and honourable house, ancient enough to have a traditional origin. The first Coligny, they said, pointing to the crowned eagle on their arms, was one of the Gallic ambassadors who received Julius Cæsar; their first seat, originally called Colonia, was among the forests west of the Lake of Geneva, whence they removed, a hundred years before the admiral was born, to Châtillon sur Loing, a place some few miles south of Montargis. For six hundred years, at least, the Châtillon family were on record as valiant fighting men; but it was not till the fifteenth century that they came to the front. Jean de Châtillon fought at Monthéry against Charles the Bold, and won great honour. Jacques de Châtillon, the admiral's uncle, was friend and favourite of Charles VIII. Of him it was said —

Châtillon, Bourdillon, et Bonneval,
Gouvernement le sang royal.

Gaspard's father was marshal of France and governor of Picardy, a man in high favour with Francis I., and of all the nobles who followed the king, there were but two who bore a prouder name — Claude de Lorraine, first Duke of Guise, and the Constable de Montmorency. Pride of birth, about which people nowadays say sarcastic things, was then a virtue. A man was really esteemed in proportion to his rank; he esteemed himself in proportion to his rank; he measured his pretensions by the length of his pedigree; he forgave nothing so unwillingly as the advancement of a *novus homo*.

As for the marshal, Gaspard's father, he was, Brantôme says, a man "*du conseil duquel le roy s'est fort servi tant qu'il a vescu, comme il avait raison, car il avait bonne teste et bon bras*." He died at Aqs, on his way to relieve Fontarabia, in 1522, leaving behind him a widow and three children, Odet, Gaspard, and François, of whom the eldest was only seven. The boys, therefore, had no father; but his training was supplied by that of a wise and most judicious mother. She was Louise, sister of the great Constable de Montmorency. Her first husband was

the Count de Mailly, by whom she had a daughter Madeleine, afterwards Madame de Roye, and mother-in-law to the Prince de Condé. The biographers assure us gravely of her virtue "in a time of universal license;" not understanding first, that it was not what is generally called a time of universal license, and secondly that to one so proud and austere as Louise de Montmorency, so true a disciple of those good women, Anne of Brittany and Queen Claude, virtue was the merest necessary of existence. She was more than pure; she was strong in religious independence, guarded in her speech, and resolute in training up her three boys to become gentlemen after her own ideal. What that was there is little difficulty in conjecturing, and it was a better creed, at least, than that in which the Guises were reared. A gentleman was the inheritor of a noble name, destined by birth to take a position of honour; he was to be accomplished in all courtly and warlike arts; he was to be trained in the duty of obedience, as a necessary preliminary to the assumption of authority; he was to be just, and stern in the administration of justice; he was to see in the lower classes that great majority of mankind which it was his divine right to rule and direct. There was a bond of brotherhood among all of gentle blood, the brotherhood of humanity having to do with religion only; as regards duty, the first was loyalty, the second truth; it was better to be learned than illiterate, though letters were not necessary to make a soldier; religion was a matter of authority for the common herd, and of private opinion for the well-born; and a gentleman, for very self-respect, should keep himself free from vulgar amours. In all three of Louise de Montmorency's sons we see the effects of this training. All were proud, hard in justice, chaste in conduct, true in word and deed; all were born nobles, stepping to the front at once with the confidence of those who take their rightful position; all were ready to accept the responsibilities forced upon them by their birth; all were well skilled in military arts, even the cardinal, who, on the

day of St. Denys, fought valiantly with the rest. As for the religion taught the boys, we may readily understand its nature, when we learn that their mother died refusing the aid of a priest, that their half-sister, Madeleine de Roye, was an avowed Protestant, that the three sons, though taught to conform outwardly, one after the other gave in their adhesion to the Reform; and that their tutor was Nicolas Berault — called Berauldus, after the pedantry of the time — a friend of Louis de Berquin and Erasmus.* He was a man of great eloquence, and of polished manners, both of which he communicated to his pupils. He seemed to have possessed, as well, the toleration and breadth which belonged to the school of Erasmus; and it is noteworthy that his son, as well as his pupils, embraced the Reformed religion. When Gaspard grew to years of discretion, it fell to the lot of Berault to urge upon him the ecclesiastical career. A bishopric, a long list of benefices, a possible cardinal's hat, were in the reach of the Montmorency and Châtillon influence. Berault, probably knowing the nature of the boy, confined his persuasions to the worldly aspect, the rich revenues and the honourable position that lay at his feet. Gaspard refused the baits; he would be a soldier. It was a pity that so many good things should go out of the family, and the eldest of the three, Odet, consented to give up his position as head of the house, and took orders. He was Bishop of Beauvais at sixteen, a cardinal at seventeen, and a politician, wary, persuasive, and far-seeing, at twenty. He, too, subsequently professed the Reformed religion, married Elizabeth de Hauteville, and retained the cardinal's hat and the episcopal revenues while calling himself Count of Beauvais. Like his brothers, Odet de Châtillon had the singular power of making himself loved and trusted.

It seems to me [says Brantôme] that Francis

never had a more discreet, courteous, and generous man. I have heard those who were at the courts of Francis I. and Henry II. say that the disgrace of his friends never shook his favour with them, nor could his very enemies choose but love him, so frank was his face, so open his heart, so gentle his manners,

Trusted by friend and foe alike these three. No man can ask for greater honours in life than to win the trust of all men.

Louise de Montmorency was in no hurry to send out her boys into the world. There is a story told about Gaspard and François fighting a duel while at college, in Paris, but it is clearly apocryphal, and there is nothing to show that either of them went to Paris at all until they went up with their mother, Gaspard being then just one-and-twenty, when she became *gouvernante* to little Jeanne d'Albret. It was about the year 1539, when Jeanne was only eleven. Of the future actors in the great religious wars to come in twenty years, the Constable de Montmorency, uncle to the Châtillons, was then forty-five years of age, a year older than the king; Saint André was five-and-thirty; Tavannes, thirty; Henry the dauphin, Catherine de Medicis his wife, the Duke de Guise, the cardinal his brother, and Coligny, were all, within a year or two, of the same age. Next to the throne stood, by right, the princes of the house of Bourbon, but the disgrace of the Constable de Bourbon had somehow fallen upon all the family. The three princes were Antoine, afterwards king of Navarre; Louis, Prince de Condé, and Charles, cardinal; now only boys, the eldest not more than twelve.

In 1540 the fury of the first persecution had spent itself in the execution of certain miserable "*sacramentaires*," chiefly of low origin, the only man of any mark who had suffered being Jean de Cature of Toulouse. For, as Froude records of Queen Mary's persecution, they did not dare to strike at high game: the nobles held their own opinions as they pleased: the victims were the artisans, weavers, and cobblers, who could not resist the temptation of speaking a word for the truth. Baron d'Oppède had

* "Etiam nunc," says Erasmus, "audire mihi videor linguam illam explanatam ac volubilem, suaviterque tinientem et blande canoram vocem, orationem paratam ac pure fluentem: videre os illud amicum et plurimum humanitatis præ se ferens, supercilii nihil: mores venustos, commodos, faciles, minimeque molestos."

not yet made his ferocious campaign against the harmless Vaudois; Clement Marot, eager to prove a suspected orthodox, was busy turning the Psalms into French verses, which the court were eagerly singing, every one selecting his favourite. The dauphin, for instance, chose the 128th, "How blessed is he that fears the Lord;" Catherine the 6th, "O Lord, in wrath rebuke me not;" the Sorbonne had not yet found out that the hymns were dangerous, and, for the first time, France had her household sacred songs. History finds no improvement in morality to correspond with this newly-awakened zeal for psalmody: Francis, always fond of music, no doubt sang the hymns with his favourite the Duchess d'Etampes, who subsequently became a Protestant: while his son would lift up the 128th with his elderly mistress, Diane de Poitiers, who afterwards became the most rigid supporter of the old faith. For the court of Francis might be ferociously orthodox, or sentimentally religious, but it could never be moral. But to this court, the widow brought her three boys, offering them, as was her duty, to the service of the king. Montmorency was in disgrace, and living in retirement at Chantilly, a circumstance which did not affect the favour with which the Châtillons were received. They were the scions of a stout and able marshal of France, and entitled to draw their swords for the king wherever fighting was to be had. During the next seven years, Coligny fought his first campaigns, putting into practice what he had learned in theory, and proving himself fitted for something better than a cavalry charge, or a hand-to-hand fight in the trenches. From the first he showed that readiness to fight which characterized all his after life. Side by side with him during these seven years fought his brother Andelot, and his chosen friend Francis, afterwards Duke of Guise.

The latter, a year younger than Coligny, was the son of Claude de Lorraine and Antoinette de Bourbon, by the father's side claiming descent from Charlemagne and King Godfrey of Jerusalem; by the mother's, from the royal house of France. The family, though it was not yet thirty years since Claude entered Paris with no baggage but a walking-stick, had already arrived at its highest point of greatness. The founder had received everything from the king except the title of prince, which was what he most desired; he lived to see

his eldest son the defender of Metz and the darling of Paris, two others cardinals, one grand prior, and one marshal; while his daughter was married to the king of Scotland.* With vast revenues and boundless ambition, the Guises possessed abilities that amounted in one or two of them to genius, and could all boast of those qualities which most attract and dazzle the populace. But even before the death of Francis, the pride of the family was greater than the good-natured king could brook, and with his latest breath he cautioned his son against the Guises.

François premier predict ce poynt
Que ceulx de la maison de Guyse,
Mettroyent ses enfans en pourpoint
Et son pauvre peuple en chemise.

They were extremely handsome, personally brave, notorious for gallantry, profuse in expenditure, eloquent of speech, affable in manners, easy of access, and of apparently kindly disposition. *La main Lorraine* was a proverbial expression for liberality: there was no knight in ancient history who bore so high a name as the young Duke of Guise, in whose chivalrous nature there seemed no guile, in whose devotion to the old religion there seemed no thought of personal ambition. Yet this man with his brother the cardinal was perpetually scheming for his own aggrandizement, and behind the frank sunshine of his laughing eye was the cold brain of one who took no step that did not seem to lead to higher fortune. Huguenot writers call him illiterate: it is not true—he loved to read the Latin historians, of whom Tacitus was his favourite, and Scipio the character which he took for his own model, and he left behind him memoirs, which exist in MS., of the events in which he took a part from 1547 to 1563. "Ha!" cries Brantôme, in an ecstasy of admiration. "Ha! brave prince; *tu ne devois jamais mourir.*"

With this young man Coligny formed a friendship, which lasted for some years, of the closest and most confidential kind. The young men wore each other's colours: rode on the same side in tournaments; played together in masquerades:—"tous deux fort enjouez et faisant des folies plus extravagantes que tous les

* The Cardinal de Lorraine, Claude's brother, possessed for his own share of the family revenues the archbishoprics of Lyons, Rheims, and Narbonne, the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, Verdun, Thiroanne, Luçon, and Valence, with the abbey of Gorze, Fécamp, Cluny, Marmoutiers, and Ile Barbe.

autres." Most biographers refuse to believe that the grave admiral ever was a young man at all. It was a time when men carried the classical spirit into practice, and formed romantic friendships after the manner of the ancients, which were to be the wonder and delight of future ages. Guise and Coligny proposed to figure in the lives of some new Plutarch, as Damon and Pythias. We look at Damon and Pythias after six years, and we find their friendship cooled—we look six years later still, and find it turned to hatred. All sorts of suggestions have been made as to the causes of this change—one of the two made a hasty remark; one was piqued at the other's good fortune, and so on; nothing, meantime, being clearer than the plain truth. The minds of the two men were so different that friendship was only possible so long as their pursuits did not clash. In religion Guise inclined to authority, Coligny to independent judgment; Guise loved the pomp and splendour which belonged to his position, Coligny loved the power; both desired the reputation of being the greatest captain in France; Guise was profuse and splendid; careless of what he said; fond of pleasure; easily moved to mercy, except in the case of a heretic; and an obedient son of the Church, so long as the Church never interfered with his private pleasures. Coligny was none of these things, as his portrait, if we may depend upon it, clearly shows. He has a thin figure, with narrow and sloping shoulders—those of Guise are broad and square, as in all men of mirthful nature; his head is small, finely shaped, and proudly poised; thin straight hair, cut close, lies over a lofty forehead, square, but narrow; his eyes are full and stern—there are no smiles lurking in their depths, but a great capacity for sadness; the nose is straight and long, with delicate nostrils; his face is oval and thin, with sunken cheeks, ending in a small pointed beard, cut to the shape of the chin, and growing round a mouth firm and close, with lips that are mobile and yet too thin. The face is set in a high stiff ruff, which adds to the set sadness of its expression; it has little external beauty, and nothing except the steady eye to show why thousands upon thousands waited in patience to be pillaged and murdered, because the admiral told them that the time was not yet come, or rushed upon an enemy three times as strong as themselves, because the admiral led them on. The face is that

of a grave man, stern at all times, just even to cruelty, and yet that of one who was trusted by friend and foe alike. What was there in common between Guise the *beau sabreur*, the man of the world, and this other, for whom the world's pleasures had no charm; whose religion was personal, and who placed duty the first of all earthly considerations? Not much; and yet men have been friends, whose minds have been at variance on every point; nor do we, as a rule, hate each other for differences of mental constitution. Moreover, the coolness between Guise and Coligny set in before years had stamped strongly the differences between them—even the most reserved of men, the coldest in outward manner, is cordial and frank at twenty; attracted, too, by the very qualities in which he is most deficient. The young men were friends at first, perhaps, because they differed: their friendship failed when their aims agreed. For both loved military reputation; both ardently desired glory; both were ambitious of rank and dignities; and at every turn their paths crossed. The gallantry of Guise was equalled by that of Coligny; they fought side by side with equal honour in Luxembourg, at Montmédy, at Renty, at Bincbe; they were together in Italy, where they were knighted on the field of Cerisola. But Coligny's luck failed, while that of Guise continued. He took Boulogne, but lost St. Quentin. Guise defended Metz, and took Calais—on plans prepared by his rival. It was Coligny who made Guise a favourite with Henry, the dauphin; it was Guise who supplanted him with Henry, the king. All Coligny's designs were frustrated by Guise—all his plans for peace and liberty were destroyed by Guise; it was Guise who plunged the country into religious commotion; it was Guise who made the admiral spend in civil war the genius and resources that should have been displayed against Spain. Cruellest stroke of fate—it was Guise and no other who out-generalled the admiral at Dreux. Coligny hated him. When the news came of his assassination, he made no secret of his satisfaction. He wrote to Catherine that he was "glad of Guise's death, because his religion had lost its most dangerous enemy."* Coligny would have been more than human had he not hated the man who made his life a fail-

* "Plusieurs s'estonnarent comment luy, qui estoit fort froid et modeste en parolles, il alla proférer celles là qui ne servoient de rien et dont il s'en fust très bien passé."—Brantôme.

ure : he would have been lower than himself had he pretended to be sorry at his death.

In 1547 came the new reign. With it Montmorency regained his favour, and though Henry was more rigorous than his father against "*ceux de la religion*," the brothers Châtillon were in high favour at court. Gaspard and Andelot married, the latter to Claudine de Rieux, a rich heiress, the former her cousin, Charlotte de Laval, who had already embraced the new doctrines. And in 1552 the king gave Coligny his first great command, making him colonel-general of the French infantry. This was principally composed of Swiss mercenaries, who might be hired for any cause. There was no discipline among them; in time of war they pillaged, murdered, and destroyed without restraint; in time of peace they roamed about the country like so many brigands. It was Coligny's first care to bring these disorderly troops to discipline, and he subjected them to a code of rules originally drawn up during the siege of Boulogne. They show us the austere side of his character, now fully developed. He would have no quarrelling among the soldiers; no duel was to be fought or cartel to be sent without special leave of the captain or colonel; for nearly all military offences the soldier was "*passé par les piques*;" everything was to be paid for; honour of women was to be respected, under penalty of hanging and strangling; the "enormous and execrable blasphemies" of the soldiers were to be heard no more, under penalties—for the first offence of eight days' prison, on bread and water; for the second, to make the *amende honorable* on knees and in shirt, with a lighted torch in hand; and for the third, to have the tongue cut out. There was to be no roving about the country in search of forage, on pain of hanging, and he who used his arms in town or garrison was to have his hand struck off publicly. These rules he enforced among his own men with a rigour which gave him the character of cruelty. They saved, Brantôme says, the lives of a million of persons, "for before there was nothing but pillage, robbery, plunder, ransoming, murder, quarrels, and ravishing among the bands, so that they resembled rather companies of Arabs and brigands than noble soldiers." This code of Coligny was, indeed, the beginning of modern military discipline. He wanted to follow it up by the establishment of a military hospital, but the disaster of

St. Quentin prevented him. The post of colonel of the infantry was, however, the real commencement of his career; the constable asked for him the command in Italy, which was refused, owing to the influence of Diane de Poitiers. He received in place of this, the governorship of Montreuil, Selaques, Blacquay, "*et tout le comté du Boulonnais, tant conquis qu'à conquérir*;" and in 1552 he was nominated to the great and important post of admiral of France.* Hitherto he has outstripped Guise, who has gained no reputation but that of a good cavalry officer. But then came Guise's masterly defence of Metz, which put him on a level, at least, with Coligny. Next the admiral was appointed governor of Ile Adam; in the following year governor of Picardy, on the resignation of the king of Navarre; and in 1556 he negotiated with Philip the truce of Vaucelles. It was the highest point of his greatness at court; but henceforth the days of Coligny are to be full of disaster and disappointment. For, against his will, the truce was violated; war broke out again with Spain, and fortune left him forever.

He had already earned the reputation of being a favourer of heretics; his brother Andelot had been imprisoned for proclaiming himself a Protestant, but he had formed a scheme, which received the king's approbation, for relieving France of her religious dissensions. We must remember that kings were not always anxious to persecute, and that even the doctors of the Sorbonne were not always longing to burn and torture heretics. Coligny pointed across the Atlantic Ocean at those broad lands over which Spain and Portugal arrogantly claimed exclusive right. There, with no limit to the acres waiting to be occupied, no limit to the wealth that might be accumulated, might rise a new France, loyal to the old, whose colonists should be the persecuted followers of the new religion. There they should have liberty of conscience, with self-government, subject to such laws as might be imposed by the king. There should be freedom of religion, in itself so great a boon as to be worth exile, loss of lands and property, a hard and uncertain life, a dangerous climate. More than this, the colony should drain the old country of disturbing influences; should render tol-

* He wished to resign the command of the infantry in favour of his brother, but as Andelot was a prisoner in Italy, he kept both charges, issuing his orders, "De par monsieur l'Admiral couronné général de l'infanterie Française."

eration possible, by the banishment of the weaker party; if that could be called banishment which threw the exiles into the arms of their brothers in religion. Remember that at this time there was no question of toleration in Europe. Uniformity of religion was the common platform of all discussion; England and Geneva, and Lutheran Germany would not tolerate the Roman Catholics; Spain and France would not tolerate the Reformers. Coligny, who foresaw the long train of disasters ushered in by a few years of persecution, conceived and tried to carry into execution a plan which anticipated that of the English Puritans—and was far greater, because he made it a national movement, backed at first by the king's own encouragement. In 1555 the first expedition set sail from Havre, which was to create a Protestant France in America. For some reason, probably through ignorance of geography, the admiral chose Brazil as the site of the new colony. The little fleet, of two men-of-war and a brig, commanded by Durand de Villegagnon, landed on the 10th of November in a small island in the bay of Rio Janeiro, which had been already settled, but abandoned by the Portuguese. The island, only half a league in circumference, was easy of defence, for which reason Villegagnon chose it for his establishment, and giving it the name of Coligny, began to build his fortress on a rock in the centre. The news of the settlement reached France, and hundreds, excited by the reports, volunteered to join the colony. The next year a second fleet was despatched, but, owing to a sudden cooling of the early zeal, with only three hundred emigrants on board, among whom were several ministers from Geneva. Then came quarrels, discussions, and seditions. Those who had emigrated for pleasure or for fighting found themselves compelled to work all day in the construction of the fort. Those who had emigrated for religious freedom found themselves under the rule of Genevan intolerance, more narrow and rigid, more grievous to bear than the persecution at home. Life had no pleasures, and cooped up in this islet, a mile long and half a mile broad, the hapless emigrants had no change but from work to preaching, and from preaching to work. The Genevese were the first to rebel against the life they led, and, after a year or so managed to desert the island in a body, and to gain the mainland, whence they got back to France in 1558. Six or eight hundred men were

waiting in Brittany for a chance of going out. At sight of the returned emigrants they resolved to remain at home, and the colony was lost. Villegagnon came home, and the handful that remained behind were massacred by the Portuguese. It will be seen, later on, that Coligny, in spite of this failure, never ceased to regard his scheme as practicable, and returned to it again and again in after years, when an occasion presented itself. But the truce of Versailles was broken, and there were other things to do. "Since," says the admiral, "it pleases the king that I serve him in the government of Picardy, it is right that I should forget everything else, to accommodate myself, and follow his will." The admiral, whose headquarters are at Abbeville, multiplies himself; it is he who, single-handed, provides for everything, studies economy of expenditure, protects the private interests of cities and all private persons, and is careful that the poor shall not be robbed and ill-treated. Then came the enemy into his province, and the disastrous day of St. Quentin, when the French lost ten thousand men, and left the road open all the way to Paris. To stop the enemy Montmorency ordered Coligny to hold the town. How he held the place, dismantled as it was, with troops disheartened and almost mutinous, how his brother Andelot came to his assistance . . . "*bien puy je dire que sans luy je fusse demeuré sous le faix*"—how the place was taken, and he himself made prisoner, is told by himself in his "*Discours sur le Siège de St. Quentin*," the only thing that remains of Coligny's writings, except his letters. It is plain, clear, and remarkably modest; he tells us how he lost the place; with characteristic forbearance he spares his cowardly and mutinous soldiers, because he will not condemn them "*sans qu'ils soient dits et alleguent leurs raisons*." The "*Discours*" was written in his prison at Ghent, and Coligny discovered, on returning from his exile, that he had entirely lost the king's favour, which was now transferred to Guise. But he had gained a more important thing, religious conviction. He went into prison with a mind full of doubt; he came out of it with certainty. Like his brother Andelot, like his wife, he crossed the fatal stream which separates the Catholic from the Protestant. His conversion was before the writing of the "*Discours*," if we are to judge by certain phrases which point to other changes than loss of liberty.

Tels mystères ne se jouent point sans la permission et volonté de Dieu, laquelle est toujours bonne, sainte, et raisonnable, et qui ne fait rien sans juste occasion, dont toutefois je ne sçay pas la cause et dont aussi peu je me dois enquerir mais plustost m'humilier devant Luy en me conformant à sa volonté.

Deprived of the royal favour, he retreated to his château of Châtillon sur Loing, where he occupied himself in collecting pictures, books, and works of art. All the world knew that he belonged to the "religion," as well as his two brothers; but the admiral of France, the governor of Picardy, the colonel of French infantry, was not a man like some poor cobbler to be hung up in chains and slowly roasted. Moreover, though the Reformers did not yet know their own strength, their spirit was slowly rising; rumours ran about the country that they might be numbered by tens of thousands; the psalms of Marot were sung again in the *Pré aux Clercs*; the king threatened a new and greater persecution, and then, the first of all the dramatic surprises which crowd the history of the French religious wars, the lance of Montgomery gave France a new king, and the Protestants had a further breathing-space.

Francis II. was nephew to the Guises, but the queen-mother hated the Guises, who kept her from power. She began, perhaps in earnest, to hold out hopes that she, too, might become a Protestant, guided by the Duchess de Montpensier and Madeleine de Roye, Coligny's half-sister, both of the Reform: and she expressed to Coligny her sorrow for the religious persecutions, recognizing already that it was to Coligny that all eyes turned. The nominal head of the party was the Prince of Condé, the real head was the admiral.

The three brothers of the Bourbon house were entirely unlike each other. The eldest, Antony, king of Navarre, vacillated between the Catholics and the Protestants, leaning to the latter, but tempted by the former; the second, the Cardinal de Bourbon, as weak as Antony but not so brave, was a bigot and fanatic of the deepest dye. In the third, Louis, Prince of Condé, all the worth and dignity of the family was concentrated. Louis was a little, round-shouldered man, short of stature, stout of heart, and greedy of pleasure. His religion was a party-cry, but he was loyal to it, and no doubt his relations with the Châtillons, whose niece, Eleonore de Roye, was his first wife, gave him some idea of a higher

faith. His position as prince of the blood made him nominal chief of the party; his connection, as a kind of nephew, with Coligny, placed him under his guardianship. He was as popular as Guise, and as easy in his manner. In spite of his religion, says Brantôme, "*le bon prince estoit bien aussi mondain qu'un autre, et aymoît autant la femme d'autrui que la sienne.*" They sang a song about him —

Ce petit homme tant jolly
Toujours cause et toujours rit,
Et toujours baise sa mignonne.
Dieu garde de mal le petit homme !

Better men have fought for a noble cause, but the Prince of Condé was at least loyal to the cause for which he gave his life.

As for Catherine, we must acknowledge the difficulties of her position. She had one purpose, to maintain her power, and, through herself, the royal authority. To do this she had but one weapon, her duplicity; as for her religion, it was that of a cultivated Italian. She was ready to become Protestant, or to remain Catholic, as either party seemed to offer greater safety, with a preference for the former, because it gave a chance of emancipation from the Guises. Coligny, who had by this time organized his party and knew his strength, offered her fifty thousand lances, but they were scattered about the face of the country, for Protestantism in France was sporadic. And then came acts of violence. Protestant fanatics murdered President Minard, the Catholics executed De Bourg; other murders followed, and the Huguenots, exasperated and terrified, met in solemn council at Vendôme. All the leaders of the party were present, the king of Navarre, Condé, the Châtillon brothers, La Rochefoucauld, Rohan, Chartres, and Porcian, while to show the political nature of the gathering, Montmorency, premier Christian of France, and the staunchest Catholic in the world, was represented by deputy. Should they take up arms against the Guises? Behind them, ready to move at a word, lay, murmuring and growling, an enormous mass, how great only Coligny knew, the Reformed party, from whom their armies could be drawn. Their strength was such as to promise them a force equal, or little inferior, to any that could be brought against them: their weakness lay in the scattering of their power. In the west and in the south the Protestants were strong. They were

strong in Normandy; in many towns they were an actual majority, but in most they were a small minority, trembling at every moment for life and liberty. It was Andelot who cried for war, and at all risks; it was Coligny, more prudent, who held his party back. Let them first try to reach the queen-mother by the king of Navarre. Antony went to court to be treated with neglect, coldness, and even contumely, and a second meeting, more indignant, more stormy, was held at La Ferté sur Marne. Again, while Condé and Andelot loudly called for war, Coligny stood in the breach, resolved to keep the peace so long as it could be kept. He argued that they had everything to gain by waiting: the Reform was spreading. The king was yet a boy who would grow impatient of his uncles. Catherine might be won; relations might be established, if necessary, with Germany and England. Above all, let it not be said that princes of the royal blood and nobles of such rank as those who constituted the assembly of La Ferté had drawn the sword upon their king. The advice of Coligny was adopted. There may have been another reason for the postponement of hostilities—the conspiracy of Amboise. In this plot the conspirators proposed to seize on the young king, arrest the Guises, and make the Bourbon princes the governors and advisers of the crown. The chief in the business was one La Renaudie, a soldier of great ability and experience. He went from place to place organizing his plans and gaining recruits. Behind him was an unnamed chief called "*le capitaine muet*." Who was this chief, never mentioned by the conspirators save under torture? Tavannes says that the conspiracy was organized by Condé, Coligny, and Catherine of Medici. Brantôme declares that the admiral had never heard of it—"they never dared to tell him of it." The extraordinary secrecy and boldness of the plot make one incline to the belief that it belonged to the head of Renaudie alone, his *capitaine muet* having no existence, and the details of the conspiracy being also known only to himself. But the design failed, Renaudie falling among the first; and his secretary gave the names of Condé and Coligny to save himself from torture. In the bloody time of reprisals that followed, when the shallow waters of the sparkling Loire ran red and turbid with the blood of the executed, even in the first heat of rage, Coligny repaired quietly to court,

not to extenuate himself, not to clear away any suspicion, but to save, if he could, the life of Castelnau. For in spite of Tavannes and the Catholic historians, no one did suspect him—no one who knew Coligny ever suspected him of any treachery at all.*

The Duke of Guise, his enemy, had been his friend, and knew the man whom he spared, not because he was too powerful—he was not so powerful as Condé, and yet Condé's name and rank did not save him from arrest a little later on—but because he knew his loyalty. Only a few days before the Amboise affair Coligny is sent to Paris to allay the popular excitement. And immediately after it he was called by the queen-mother to draw up a *mémoire* on the position of affairs in Normandy. He did so, taking the opportunity to advise the dismissal of the Guises. The *mémoire* led at last to the edict of Romorantin, and to the grand assembly of Fontainebleau. Catherine, the real ally of Coligny in one thing only, desired to rid herself of the Guises. But she was afraid to trust herself wholly to the admiral, or to any one else, being already involved in that tangled mesh of concession, deceit, compromise, and intrigue, which drove France blindly mad for thirty years. She was *afraid*. It is the key-note of Catherine's character. What would have been the history of France if Jeanne D'Albret had been in her place?

Fontainebleau was going to make the impossible possible, to heal the evils of France, fill the treasury, compose animosities, and reunite opposite partisans, and, as in every great meeting, people hoped that out of a grand national palaver something might be struck out for the public good. No more imposing assembly was ever held. At the king's side were his mother, his wife, the cardinals of Bourbon, Lorraine, and Guise, the dukes of Guise and Aumale, the constable, the admiral, and the chancellor. Montmorency, for the protection of his nephews and himself, was accompanied by an escort of eight hundred gentlemen and men-at-arms, a following by which their confidence in the Guises might be fairly measured. At the first sitting the king pronounced a discourse, and the

* "The Guises, doubting that the Châtillons were of the conspiracy, sent them letters entreating their presence at court. They came, and at once, '*ce qui assura fort ceux de Guise*.' Many persons thought that if the admiral and Andelot had mixed themselves up with the conspiracy it would not have turned out so badly."—Castelnau.

Duke de Guise gave an account of his administration. At the second the admiral rose to perform the most solemn and the most decisive action of his life. He began by saying that, having been in Normandy by command of the queen-mother to investigate into the troubles there, he had discovered that they were due to the persecution of the Huguenots. He then advanced to the throne, and presented on his knee two petitions, one to the king, the other to the queen-mother, from the Protestants. They were alike in substance, and prayed that, as loyal subjects, they might be allowed the free exercise of their religion. The act struck the court with surprise and alarm. The king asked the admiral from whom he had received the petition. He replied that he did not know. Guise pointed out that it was not signed. The admiral replied that he would get fifty thousand signatures. And then he continued his speech, asking for the suspension of persecution, the assemblage of the States-General, and the dismissal of the newly-formed royal guard.

This act of Coligny, which had doubtless been previously resolved upon, was the first open attempt made by the Reformers to assert themselves. They had previously dragged on an obscure and hunted-down existence. Suddenly they spring to light, no longer a cowed herd of submissive victims, but an army resolute to have no more burning and murdering, an army with leaders; and Coligny, who has restrained the violence of the chiefs at Vendôme and La Ferté, now steps to the front, and tells the king, almost in so many words, that there is to be civil war, or a cessation of persecution.

The States were convoked at Meaux for December, four months after the assembly of Fontainebleau; but the place of meeting was changed to Orleans, whither the court adjourned. In this interval the Guises resolved on taking a decided step. They concentrated forces round the city; they received promises from the king of Spain to act with them, if necessary; and, their preparations made, they forced the king to summon the Bourbon princes to court. Blinded—the elder by a confidence that the king would not touch a prince of the blood, and the younger, M. d'Aumale thinks, by a passion for Mary—both obeyed the summons, and entered Orleans. Condé was instantly arrested, tried, and sentenced to death, his execution being fixed

for the 10th of December. Before the day arrived the young king was dead and the Guises dethroned from power.

To the Protestants the king's death was nothing short of a miracle; for the plans had been so well laid, the time for action was so near, the plot contrived for their destruction was so secret, that no other event could have saved them. The Cardinal de Guise had invented a form of words called his rat-trap, by which every Protestant in the country would be caught. This oath was on a fixed day to be submitted to every man in the country; those who refused were to be instantly executed. Meantime Condé was to be executed as a conspirator; Navarre was to be secretly murdered; Coligny and Andelot were to be assassinated in the streets. It is uncertain whether Coligny was in Orleans at the time. His half-sister, Madeleine de Roye, was there, and was arrested at the same time as Condé, her son-in-law. We hear of him at Havre, busy in organizing another expedition to found a French colony in the New World; we hear that he was summoned to Orleans. Tavannes says in one place that Coligny was with the constable at the court, and in another that they were all away; De Thou says that the admiral and the Cardinal de Châtillon were the only two gentlemen who did not desert the king of Navarre. We incline to think that Coligny was at Orleans; it seems inconsistent with all the rest of his life were he at any time to show mistrust of the king. But the poor boy died, promising with his last breath to murder every Huguenot in the kingdom, if life be spared; the cardinal's rat-trap was not wanted; and the Spaniards rolled back sullenly from the frontier.

The new reign opened well for the Reformers. Catherine listened to the Châtillons, whose half-sister, Madeleine de Mailly, with the Duchess de Montpensier, was her chief favourite, the chancellor, Michel de l'Hôpital, made a long and moving appeal in favour of toleration, declaring that another year of persecution would kindle the flames of civil war. The admiral christened his newly-born son after the Genevan rite; and at the coronation of Charles, Odet de Châtillon appeared dressed in cardinal's robes, and with him his wife. Catherine even, for it was not yet certain which side was the stronger, held out hopes of joining the Reformed ranks. Then came the colloquy at Poissy, to which the Reformers trusted, in the hope that it would lead to

more than toleration, to the conversion of the whole country. At all events, there was breathing-space, and at every interval of persecution and war the Protestant faith seemed to spread and grow like a luxuriant plant in a congenial soil. Coligny turned his face once more across the Atlantic. This time it was to Florida that he looked, the flowery land of romance claimed by Spain. He sent out an expedition commanded by Jean Ribaud, a stout sailor, who landed on the coast, set up the arms of the king of France, established friendly relations with the natives, and returned with a favourable report, only to find the country plunged into a civil war and no hope of furthering that scheme for a time. The colloquy of Poissy, leaving both parties more stubborn in their faith, produced at least one effect, the Edict of January, which gave the Huguenots the right to exercise their religion undisturbed. It remained in force for exactly six weeks, and then the Duke de Guise trampled it under foot at the massacre of Vassy. Six weeks were not long, but they gave Coligny time to prepare for the inevitable struggle, and when Condé issued his orders from Meaux to all the Protestants in France to arm themselves, Coligny was able to promise Catherine that if she would trust the king and herself with the princes of the blood, she should find an army in every province of France. Catherine acceded; she wrote letter after letter to Condé, urging him to hasten to Fontainebleau and seize the king; the dilatory king let the opportunity pass, and the Guises took it. Henceforward Catherine showed no more inclination to become a Protestant. And then, before the clash of arms, there was silence for a space till the last man in France who had not yet taken a side should declare himself. For on him, the admiral, the heavy responsibility lay of declaring civil war; murder, treachery, and persecution, on the one hand, the sin of rebellion on the other. In the night, as he lay awake and pondered, he heard his wife sobbing at his side, and knew the reason.

"Sound your soul," he said. "Are you prepared to hear of defection, to receive the reproaches of partisans as well as enemies, treasons of your friends, exile, shame, nakedness, hunger, even the hunger of your own children, your own death by an executioner, after that of your husband? I give you three weeks to consider." "They are gone already," replied his wife. "Do not bring upon your

head the deaths of those three weeks, or I will myself bear witness against you at the judgment seat of God."

There were already deaths enough; the massacre of Vassy was the signal, and as if by consent the Catholics rose at Cahors, at Sens, Amiens, Noyes, Abbeville, Chalons, at Tours, Marseilles, and Auxerre, killing and destroying. The woman's instinct was right; but her husband knew what was meant by war; he foresaw the ruined homesteads, the murders and robberies of an unrestrained soldiery. Perhaps he knew already the hopelessness of the struggle, which would have but one issue, unless the English came to their help; he saw himself, the descendant of the Châtillons and Montmorencys, branded with the name of rebel, the general of an army which he was only leading to destruction. But he hesitated no longer, and with a heavy heart set off the next day to join Condé. He wrote to Catherine that he took up arms not against the king, but against those who hold him captive. He wrote, too, to the old constable—

I would rather do wrong to myself than enter into any opposition with you. . . . But I entreat you to consider into whose hands you have placed yourself. Are they not those who have sworn your own ruin and that of all your house? I beg you to think that the greatest regret of my brothers and myself is to see you of that party.

The constable replied: there was no bitterness between the uncle and his nephew; the former was fighting to prevent "the universal ruin" of the country, and for his *petits maitres*, his "boys," as he called Catherine's sons; the other, he thought, fought to prevent the universal massacre of his religionists. Coligny began at once with the discipline of his camp. The old rules were rigorously enforced; each regiment had its minister; night and morning there were public prayers, the soldiers praying first for the king and secondly for themselves, that God would keep them "*vivans en toute sobriété et modestie, sans noises, mutinerie, blasphèmes, paillardises.*" The violation of the rules was punished by certain signal examples, four or five who were caught pillaging being hung up together, booted and spurred, the things they had stolen hanging from their bodies, women's dresses, linen, hams, and poultry. Thus the camp assumed an edifying appearance of virtue and sobriety over which all but the admiral rejoiced greatly.

"All this holiness," he said, "will be thrown to the winds in two months' time."* And so the event proved. Most of the cruelties and murders were committed by the Catholics, because they were the stronger party; but not all; wherever the Huguenots were strong enough, they showed that the rôle of martyrs was no longer to their taste, and retaliated in the usual way, by destroying churches, killing priests, shattering shrines and relics, and turning the costly vessels and ornaments of the churches to their own use. Brantôme enters upon a defence of the civil war, which is most quaint and remarkable. The first good effect, he tells us, was the conversion into coin of the gold ornaments in the churches; one seigneur, *de par le monde*, coined the silver vessels and ornaments presented by Louis XI. to St. Martin de Tours into a great casckful of *testors*. Another was the enrichment of the gentlemen who in a foreign war would have impoverished themselves by borrowing money,

for the merchants, usurers, bankers, and other *racquedeniers*, down to the very priests who keep their crowns hidden away in their coffers, would have lent nothing without great interest and excessive usury, either by purchase or mortgages of land, goods, and houses, at low price; but this *bonne guerre civile* repaired all their fortunes, so much so that I have seen a gentleman who before it rode through the country with a pair of horses and a little lackey, ride with six or seven good horses, and this of both parties, so much did they augment their fortunes, especially by the ransoms of the fat usurers when once they caught them, making their lovely crowns drop out of their purses whether they liked it or not, and

* "Je remarquay alors quatre ou cinq chose notables: — la première est qu'entre cette grande troupe on n'eust pas ouy un blasphemé du nom de Dieu: car lorsque quelqu'un plus encore par contresens que par vrai malice, s'y abandonnoit, on se courrouçoit asprement contre luy, ce qui en reprimoit beaucoup. La seconde, on n'eust pas trouvé une paire de dez ny un jeu de cartes en tous les quartiers, qui sont des sources de tant de querelles et de larcins. Tiercement, les femmes en étoient bannies, lesquelles ordinairement ne hantent en tels lieux, sinon pour servir à la dissolution. En quatrième lieu, nul ne s'escartoit des enseignes pour aller fourrager ainsi tous estoient satisfaits des vivres qui leur estoient distribuez ou du peu de solde qu'ils avoient reçu. Finalement, au soir et au matin, l'assiette et lèvement des gardes, les prières publiques se faisoient, et le chant des psalmes retentissoient en Pair. Plusieurs s'esbahissoient de voir une si belle disposition et mesmement une fois feu mon frère le sieur de Telnigny et moy en discourant avec M. l'Admiral la prisons beaucoup. Sur cela il nous dit, 'C'est voirement une belle chose moyennant qu'elle dure: mais je crains que ces gens icy ne jettent toute leur bonte à la fois et que d'icy à deux mois il ne leur sera demeuré que la malice. J'ay commandé à l'infanterie longtemps, et la conois: elle accomplit souvent le proverbe qui dit de jeune hermite vieux diable.'" — La Noue.

even if they were hidden in the bones of their legs.

The king, again, who was deeply in debt, cleared himself by the confiscation of church monuments, by special permission of the pope; and even the priests enriched themselves by selling their treasures secretly, and then pretending that the Huguenots had pillaged them. All this led to the multiplication of coin, and therefore, Brantôme thinks, of wealth. "So that we now see in France more doubloons than fifty years ago there were little pistolets." And as to the cities which were pillaged, they recovered their misfortunes, and five years later were richer than those that escaped, "*bien qu'il n'y en a guieres de pucelles*." Sixteen months after Havre was sacked, the king found no trace of it in the prosperity of the city; Angoulême was sacked twice, and yet, after the war was over, was the richest city in Guienne next to La Rochelle.

Il faut dire de la France ce que disoit ce grand Capitaine Prosper Colonne de la Duché de Milan, qui ressembloit à une oye bien grasse qui tant plus ou la plumoit tant plus la plume luy revenoit. La cause donc en est deue à cette bonne guerre civile tant bien inventée et introduite de ce grand Admiral.

So the *bonne guerre civile* began, to the enrichment of the gentlemen. And though the last to join it was the admiral, it was he who, by correspondence with the German princes, by an elaborate network of agencies, the threads of which he held himself, rendered the movement possible. His policy was always the same. He would keep the Huguenots ready to rise; he would inspire them with confidence in themselves by letting them feel their strength when combined; he would prepare the way for German levies if necessary; he would awe the Catholics by the feeling that they were facing an enemy whose numbers were unknown, and whose allies were perhaps the whole of Protestantism. But he would defer till the latest moment possible actual rebellion. The Huguenots had everything to gain by delay; he himself, as well as the cause, had everything to lose by precipitate action. It is absurd to speak of Coligny as a conspirator who made capital out of his reluctance to take up arms; it is equally absurd to find in this reluctance all the virtues of a Christian hero. Coligny was unwilling to have the appearance of fighting against the king. Therefore when war was inevitable he urged on

Condé the seizure of Charles and Catherine. Prudence, loyalty, self-interest, demanded delay; self-preservation demanded an organization throughout France, which should enable every Huguenot to join the army when called upon. When his party could no longer be kept quiet, even by himself, Coligny gave the word, and an army sprang up, as if by magic, from the ground.* The first exploit was the taking of Orleans, into which Condé rode with two thousand cavalry, all shouting like schoolboys, and racing for six miles who should get into the city first. Its churches were pillaged and the Catholic inhabitants expelled. "*Ceux qui furent mis ci jour là hors de la ville plorèrent Catholiquement, pour avoir esté depossés du magasin des plus délicieux vins de la France.*" A dire misfortune for the Catholics that all the best claret-districts in the country fell into the hands of the Huguenots.†

Orleans taken, the Huguenots proceeded to issue protestations and manifestoes, in all of which the hand of the admiral is visible. They are not fighting against the king, who is a prisoner; the war was begun by the Guises — and what right has a Guisard to the kingdom of France? And they are not the first to contract foreign alliances. The Huguenots experienced at the outset one disaster after the other. Rouen was surprised, Bourges was taken. Then Andelot brought about six thousand Germans to Orleans, and with this powerful reinforcement the battle of Dreux was fought. But the admiral was outgeneralled by his rival, Guise, who kept himself in reserve, and when, after four hours' hard fighting, the battle seemed lost, and the Huguenots were already shouting for victory, led a flank charge, with new men, fresh and eager, and sent the Protestants, exhausted with the day's fighting, flying from the field. Coligny rallied some of the fugitives and led them back, but the day was lost. Condé was a prisoner; on the other side Montmorency was a

prisoner. Saint André was killed. Next day the admiral was ready to renew the battle, and would have surprised the royal army, but his men refused to follow. Tavannes tells that Catherine, jealous of the honour won by Guise, wrote privately to Coligny entreating him not to relax in his efforts.

The admiral, leaving Andelot in charge of Orleans, marched into Normandy at the head of four thousand men, with a double object — to receive English money and men at Havre, and to effect a diversion in the north. Guise led his victorious army straight upon Orleans. The fate of that city seemed sealed, but the admiral was passing from one success to another. Then occurred the third of those incidents which give these wars so dramatic an interest. Just as the unexpected death of Francis restored Condé to life and liberty, the assassination of Guise by Poltrot gave the Huguenots peace and religious freedom. It was an accident, says La Noue, "*qui troubla toute la feste.*" In his last moments the murdered man breathed no word of suspicion against the friend of his youth, though Poltrot in his tortures accused the admiral and Theodore Beza of having instigated the crime. Reading the accusation by the light of the lives of these two men, it is simply impossible and absurd. Prince Caraman Chimay, it is true, in his zeal to blacken the character of Coligny, finds in his departure for Normandy a proof of complicity. It is, on the other hand, a proof of innocence. Had Coligny been cognizant of Poltrot's intention, he would have remained on the spot, to take advantage of the confusion caused by its success. But the rumour once started — very likely it was invented by the Catholics — grew and spread. At first the admiral took no notice of it. But it was too much in the interests of his enemies to let it die; forced to notice it, he wrote at last to the queen a characteristic, stubborn, honest, letter —

Do not think [he says] that I speak in regret of Monsieur de Guise, for I think his death the greatest good that could happen to this kingdom and to the Church of God, and particularly to myself and to my house. . . . I have looked for my enemy on the field of battle; if I could have pointed a cannon at him I would have done it. I would have spared no means allowed by the laws of war to rid myself of so great an enemy, but I have not armed the hand of a murderer.

His whole life, his correspondence,

* "*Je vis partie des papiers de l'Admiral chez mon père: le roole de leurs hommes, leurs levées de deniers, les signaux et menées de leur party, avec un discours de Francourt prévoyant de point à autre ce qui advint.*" — Tavannes.

† Castelnau says that the Huguenots would not have risen without a prince of the blood at their head, but were greatly encouraged by the adhesion of the admiral, a great officer of the crown and worthy chief. "*Pour les bonnes et grandes qualités qu'il avoit en lui; et d'autant qu'il avoit quelque apparence de tenir sa religion plus estroitement que nul autre, il tenoit en bride . . . les appetits immoderés des jeunes seigneurs et gentilhommes Protestants, par une certaine sévérité qui lui estoit naturelle et bien sçante.*"

the opinions formed of him by his greatest enemies acquit him of it. And yet his rejoicing at the death of an enemy jars upon modern ears, and the hatred breathed in his letter to the queen shows the great admiral at his worst. Nevertheless, as we have said before, if ever man had a right to rejoice at the death of his enemy it was Coligny. Guise had brought about this war; Guise was the man who made him chargeable with rebellion and *dés-majesté*; it was Guise who broke the Edict of January; Guise had robbed him of the favour of Henry, and it was Guise who kept him from the favour of Charles.

The death of Guise brought the peace of Amboise, signed by Condé. It gave terms less favourable than those of the Edict of January to the Reformed, but still granted liberty of conscience, and Coligny for a third time resumed his schemes for the establishment of French colonies in America. One of Ribaud's companions, Laudronnière, was chosen to command a new expedition, which, like the last, consisted entirely of Huguenots. They sailed, arrived in Florida, and settled down on good terms with the natives, from whom at first they received supplies of food. When these failed and it became necessary to cultivate the soil, the old soldiers, who mostly formed the settlement, grew impatient. It was a quiet and monotonous life; they wanted the excitement of fighting, and were set to till the earth. Finally, half of them embarked on one of the ships, and went buccaneering on the Spanish Main, to be no more heard of. Coligny, to set things right, sent out another fleet under Ribaud, recalling Laudronnière. The ill-luck which followed all the admiral's American enterprises caused Ribaud's fleet to be shattered and dispersed by a storm. The Spaniards attacked the settlement and murdered every man, woman and child in it, except a few who escaped in the only vessel left. With his usual tenacity of purpose, the admiral immediately fitted out another expedition of three ships and one thousand two hundred men, which he intrusted to Pierre Bertrand, son of Baron de Montluc, the savage persecutor of Guienne. This time he left the choice of the men to the captain, who picked out all the rascals and dare-devils of Guienne, and went off gasconading of the great things he was going to do. Nothing was done, because Bertrand was killed in an attack on Madeira, and the rest came home.

The peace, broken by continual disturbances, lasted for four years. During this time the admiral was in the highest favour at court; Charles approved of his colonial schemes; the meeting of the "*petits états*" at Moulins pronounced him guiltless of Guise's death. Andelot was restored to his charge of the infantry, and the Huguenots had a period of comparative rest, during which, however, they stood harnessed, as it were, and ready for battle, if the occasion should arise again. Most of Coligny's time was spent at Châtillon, in the society of his wife and children. He read and studied; he established and maintained at his own expense a college in Châtillon, where Latin, Greek, and Hebrew were taught, "declaring always that education was the greatest gift that can be bestowed upon a nation." He set an example of toleration, so that there was no place in France where a priest was so safe as in Châtillon; he governed his household by strict religious rule, holding prayers morning and evening, with singing and preaching; he gave daily audience to the deputies of the churches; he restrained the zeal of the ministers, whose enthusiasm was always threatening difficulties; and he organized his great plan for carrying aid to the revolted Netherlands. Of all Coligny's schemes this was the nearest to his heart. War with Spain would disconcert the fanatic Catholics; it would prevent Catherine from looking to Philip for assistance; it would rid the country of the turbulence of idle soldiers; it would be a safety-valve for the zeal of his own party; it would drown religious differences in patriotism. And for himself, the honour gained in civil contest was nothing to that gained against a foreign enemy. He had not forgotten St. Quentin, and longed to oppose a French army to the Duke of Alva. Charles listened; at Philip's request he forbade French subjects fighting for the revolted provinces, but looked on quietly while French money raised six thousand men for their assistance. It was part of the cowardly and selfish policy of Catherine to play with both sides, waiting to see which should prove the stronger. So, to please Condé, Coligny represented the king as godfather to his son. A passage through Provence was refused the Spaniards. Coligny even proposed to lead the Huguenots himself against Alva, and recommended raising six thousand Swiss for the war. The Swiss were raised, but instead of remaining on the frontier they

were marched to Paris. Then suddenly the light clouds of suspicion which had been for four years floating about the sky rolled themselves into a great thunder-cloud; it was known that Catherine was in secret treaty with Alva, and through all the country the order ran to be up and armed. It was whispered that Philip and Catherine had organized a simultaneous massacre of all the heretics at once, and a meeting was hastily called at Valery, attended by all the Huguenot leaders. Andelot, as usual, clamoured for war, the admiral persuaded patience.

Better endure the first violence of the enemy than begin it ourselves. . . . To us would be imputed all the evils which are the fatal consequences of war. . . . Is it not better to suffer all that can be done than to give back evil for evil?

The last words are clearly apocryphal, and added by some over-zealous biographers.* Peace, always peace, if possible, was the admiral's constant policy. Peace strengthened the Huguenots; peace brought them fresh recruits; peace gave them organization and enthusiasm; peace enabled Coligny to stretch into every corner of the country his electric wires of secret intelligence. And he was too strong even for the court. Catherine, who knew what was coming, sent spies to report on the admiral's movements. They could only report, on the 26th of September, that he was gathering in his vintage; on the 28th fifty towns were in the power of the Protestants, and the war was begun. It was this rapidity and secrecy which made the admiral so formidable. Condé again failed in an attempt to seize the king's person. Had that attempt succeeded, the future of France would have been written in very different colours, for Coligny knew his power over the king, and a week after Charles should fall into his hands he would have been leading the Huguenots in person. But the project failed. Then came the battle of St. Denys, the most skilful, the most audacious, and the most successful that Coligny ever fought. Though he had but three thousand men against eighteen thousand, led by the constable, the battle was drawn, and the next day the Catholics refused to renew it. Three months later came the treaty of Longjumeau, in virtue of which the

Huguenots sent back their German auxiliaries, and dispersed to their homes. It was a peace intended by the court to effect this dispersion; it had been signed by Condé, without any guarantee but the word of Catherine, and against the admiral's advice. But he was not then able to advise or to protest against the offered terms. For his eldest son, Gaspard, a boy of the brightest promise, was taken from him. The father writes to his wife in words which do not try to conceal the anguish of his soul:—

Remember, *ma bien aimée*, that he is happy in dying at an age when he was free of crime. . . . God has willed it; I offer Him all the rest if it be His will. Do thou the same if thou wishest for His blessing, for in Him alone is all our hope. Adieu, I hope to see thee soon, which is now my only joy.

It is a hope that will not be realized, for his wife is to leave him too. She writes from her death-bed in noble language, that she

is unhappy indeed in dying far from the sight of him whom she has always loved better than herself: that she conjures him, for her own sake, if he has ever loved her, for the sake of the children, pledges of her love, to fight to the end in the service of God, and for the advancement of religion: that as she knows his affection for the king, she prays him to remember that God is the first Master, that He must first be served even to the prejudice of any other.

So saying, the good wife died.

"Mon Dieu!" cried Coligny, "mon Dieu, que t'ai-je fait? quel péché ai-je commis pour estre si rudement chastié et accablé de tant de maux?"

Peace came, but no rest. Coligny retired to Châtillon, protesting in a letter to Catherine his undiminished loyalty. Then fresh troubles. The *Reiters* refused to leave France without payment. A sum of fifty thousand francs was raised, and sent by the admiral within the promised time. About twenty miles east of Châtillon stands the town of Auxerre, then garrisoned by troops belonging to the Duke of Anjou. By some of these the admiral's messengers, bearing the money, were set upon and robbed of the whole. Nor was there any redress. He wrote to Charles, to Catherine, to the Duke of Anjou, claiming justice. He was put off with promises. Then he was ordered to reduce his personal escort from a hundred to fifty lances; one of his gentlemen was murdered by soldiers of the same garrison of Auxerre that had

* La Noue, who knew that Coligny was no hypocrite, does not give them. Certainly the admiral, careful to put off the day of civil war as long as possible, was not a man to "suffer all that can be done."

robbed his messengers ; shots were fired at himself ; and the president of Dijon refused to investigate the matter on the pretence of being otherwise occupied. Condé, meantime, was menaced in his castle of Noyers, whither Coligny repaired to concert measures. From Noyers he wrote again to the king, bitterly complaining that some one was blinding his eyes to the real state of the kingdom. Catherine answered the letter by renewed promises of justice, giving immediate proofs of her honesty by the appointment of Tavannes, the admiral's bitter enemy, to investigate the affair. Coligny's letters show his appreciation of her intentions : "Madame," he writes, "it is not possible to express better, *in writing*, a disposition to do justice. . . . But I should like to ask when the first justice has been done for the infinite number of murders we have complained of." Then came certain intelligence that Condé and Coligny were both to be seized. The admiral hastened to Noyers, where Condé was residing, and they resolved on escaping at once across the Loire. It was a perilous journey of forty miles, through a country crowded with enemies and spies ; they were encumbered with women and children. Their escort was feeble, but by starting in the night they eluded the troops which Guise was concentrating upon the castle, and managed to reach the river, whose waters were low, before their pursuers caught up with them. Once across the river, they were safe. Protestant writers love to tell how the waters of the Loire miraculously rose and flooded the ford when the enemy tried to cross. La Rochelle welcomed the fugitives. Jeanne d'Albret brought her boy, young Henry, to join the cause of religious liberty. A royal edict appeared, forbidding any but the Catholic religion, and the third religious war began again, the last that Coligny, Andelot, and Condé would ever fight.

The position of La Rochelle gave the admiral the command of the sea. He fitted out a fleet of thirty ships, which, under Chastelier Portant, kept the communication open with the English ports, and waged implacable war on the ships of all Catholic countries. Like his infantry, his sailors were subjected to a discipline the rules of which may be gathered from those adopted by the Prince of Orange in his fleet of the *Gueux* in imitation. Only men of good reputation were enlisted ; a minister was to sail with every vessel ; and a third of the spoil was

to go to the cause. The little Huguenot fleet of Coligny was thus the model of the great Dutch navy.

As regards the land forces, Coligny had never before been able to raise so powerful an army. For the first time it seemed as if he was to meet the enemy on equal terms. Twenty thousand men, without counting the Germans, were in the field, fully armed and well-disciplined. Opposed to them was the Catholic army, equal in strength but inferior in discipline, commanded nominally by the Duke of Anjou, really by Tavannes. All through a long and exceptionally severe winter, a war of skirmishes went on, in which the skill and daring of the admiral inspired the enemy, as Tavannes tells us, with an increasing dread and admiration. These hostilities took place in the flat country lying between Chatellerault and Poitiers, and, later on, further north, the Catholics being slowly driven back, between the rivers Loiret and Vienne. With the spring these temporary advantages were lost ; the Catholics, largely reinforced, pushed southwards, driving the Huguenots back upon the Charente, and on the 13th of March, 1569, the battle of Jarnac was fought, and Condé killed. The defeat itself was nothing ; the Huguenot soldiers retired in good order, and the enemy did not follow up the victory ; but the death of the prince was a blow which seemed at first fatal to the cause. Even Coligny, the man of so many reverses, did not dare at first to send the news to La Rochelle. Jeanne d'Albret raised the soldiers from despair, and she came to the camp and rode along the ranks with her son Henry on her right, and Condé's son on her left. She addressed the men in words which burned with enthusiasm and maternal love ; she gave them her dominions, her treasures, her life, her son. All should be sacrificed to the sacred cause of religious liberty. Jarnac was forgotten in the shouts that greeted her in reply, and Coligny was the first to swear fidelity to Henry of Navarre, thus proclaimed general of the Huguenot army in his fifteenth year.

It was with a heart heavy for other reasons that the admiral entered his last campaign. His little daughter, the Renée whom he loved so tenderly, was taken from him, and a few weeks after his brother, the impetuous and gallant Andelot, died at Saintes. Andelot had not the military genius of the admiral, but he was a good soldier, rapid and impetuous,

brave to rashness, and a Protestant with as much conviction as the admiral, and more fervour. His last words were prophetic, "*La France aura beaucoup de maux . . . mais tout tombera sur l'Espagnol. Je ne reserve point, mon frere, l'homme de Dieu me l'a dit.*" Condé's death and the youth of Henry made Coligny for the first time absolute master. It is chiefly in this, the last act of his military career, that we see his real genius. Crushed at Jarnac, he is ready a week later to take the field again; he is successful at Roche Abeille, and overruns Poitou. He is crushed again by superior numbers at Moncontour, the most disastrous of all his defeats; and the day after the battle he is prepared with a new plan of action, if the men will only follow him, more audacious, more unexpected than any he had yet tried. But the men would not follow him: worn out by so many defeats, overpowered by numbers always superior, they demanded that terms should be made, any terms that could be got. Coligny was resolved that no terms should be made short of religious liberty. Once more he wrote to Jeanne d'Albret for assistance. Once more that incomparable woman came to the camp, bringing with her the proceeds of all her jewels, which she had sold and pawned, and again harangued the soldiers.

It was the blackest hour in Coligny's fortunes. Andelot dead, Odet poisoned in England, a price set upon his head, proclaimed a traitor, described by Pope Pius V., though this mattered little, as "a detestable, infamous, and execrable man," his house at Châtillon pillaged, and all his treasures scattered, blamed by his own friends for the death of the prince, with a dejected army, most men would have given up the struggle. His fleet might take his children and himself to England. Why not fly, and let the cause perish as it might? Had he done so, there would have been apologists to defend his conduct. We should be told that he had done all, risked all, and lost all; but it was his duty at the last to rescue his family and to save his life for happier times. Coligny, like his friend William of Orange, was made of more stubborn stuff.

"We must not," he writes to his boys, after the sack of Châtillon, "count upon what is called property, but rather place our hope elsewhere than on earth, and acquire other means than those which we see with our eyes, or touch with our hands. We must follow

Jesus Christ, our chief, who has gone before us. Men have taken from us all they can. If such is always the will of God we shall be happy. . . . Persevere with courage in the practice of virtue."

Behind the Huguenot fortresses of Angoulême and Saint Jean d'Angely he reformed the wreck of his forces and started by long and rapid marches southwards, leaving the enemy to amuse themselves with the siege of Saint Jean d'Angely. The soldiers, their spirits raised by the prospect of more fighting, sang as they marched —

Le Prince de Condé

Il a esté tué :

Mais monsieur l'Admiral

Est encore à cheval,

Avec la Rochefoucauld.

Pour chasser tous ces papaux, papaux, papaux.

Besides his Frenchmen the admiral had with him on this adventurous march the *Reiters*, three thousand strong, and a little band of one hundred Englishmen, of whom twelve only survived the winter. In Navarre, Montgomery, with the "army of the viscounts," had gained a signal advantage over the Catholic invaders. The admiral journeyed south to effect a junction with his forces. Strengthened by the accession of numerous arquebusiers in Gascony, Coligny passed the winter at Montauban, and early in the year, while the mountain-passes were yet dangerous with the winter ice, he set out to meet Montgomery, and turned his face northwards. The court at Paris, in profound ignorance of his movements, believed him to be safe in the south, still cowed by the disaster of Moncontour. They were deceived: from every hamlet, from every hill of Béarn, the Vivarais, the Cevennes, the Huguenots poured forth from their hiding-places to join the admiral's army, as snow gathers on the rolling snowball. Fighting his way through a hostile country, crossing rivers whose bridges were broken, camping in villages whose people had fled, leaving, perforce, his wounded behind him, to be reckoned with the dead, he lost six thousand men between Nîmes and St. Etienne; but the spirits of his men were high, as those should be whose all is risked upon a single chance. Among the men rode young Henry of Navarre, the boy-general, whose strength and spirits never failed; with him was the little Prince of Condé; and with Coligny was Louis of Nassau. The first and only check was at St. Etienne, where Coligny fell ill. For a week his

life was despaired of, and already the chiefs had their eyes fixed on Louis of Nassau as a probable successor, when the admiral recovered unexpectedly and suddenly, and sprang into the saddle again. Two messengers from Catherine, who tried her usual Fabian policy, were waiting his recovery. They would treat with no one else. "The Huguenot cause," said one of the chiefs, "does not depend on the illness or death of the admiral." "If he were dead," replied Goutant Biron, the ambassador, "we would not offer you a cup of water." It was true: there were other leaders, gallant captains, soldiers as brave as Andelot, statesmen as wise as Odet, *beaux sabreurs* like Montgomery and La Rochefoucauld; but there was no leader of the Huguenots beside Coligny. One other there had been — Condé — but he was dead; one other there might have been — Jeanne d'Albret — but she was a woman. It was Coligny who thought for all, worked for all, provided for all. It was Coligny who disciplined the unruly soldierly, trying to maintain among them, even in civil war, the virtues of Christian life; only for Coligny would the jealous chiefs work in concert; to the common sense of Coligny only would the fanatic ministers defer their zeal; he it was, and none other, whom his party trusted. And, which has been given to few men, it was Coligny alone whom the Catholics trusted. There can be no stronger tribute to his worth than the fact that even Catherine trusted implicitly the word as well as the strength of the admiral. "Were the admiral dead, she would not offer the Huguenots a cup of water."

He did not die; he recovered, and pushed on. Fresh messengers came to parley, the court was panic-stricken. At Arnay le Duc, in Burgundy, he met Cor- sé with 12,500 men, and beat him with seven thousand; he pushed on to La Charité, and was within forty miles of Paris before the Catholics could realize the fact that he was not still hiding behind St. Jean d'Angely. Catherine gave way, as she always did, trusting once more, like her ally, Philip, to time. On the 8th of August, 1570, a treaty was signed at St. Germain en Laye, which gave the Reformed liberty of religion in every town they then held, complete civil equality, freedom from all disabilities in the universities, schools, and hospitals, and, as guarantees of good faith, the towns of La Rochelle, Cognac, Montauban, and La Charité. It was a peace that

granted more than any previous one, because it was the doing of Coligny alone. There were guarantees this time, besides the perjured faith of Catherine, and Coligny's work for the first time in his life, so far as the Huguenot cause, seemed accomplished.

Peace was signed, but the flames of rage and discontent were not so easily trampled out. Yet Coligny assured the ministers at Zurich that it would be lasting, trusting, it would seem, to the strength and stubborn power of resistance proved by his party, to the faith of Catherine, and to his own influence over the king. These things, he thought, were enough to counterbalance the intrigues of the pope and Philip, of the Guisards and the fanatics. For Teligny, "*porte paix*" Teligny, and Louis of Nassau had brought about a reconciliation with the court, and the admiral was once more in favour with the king.

There is no doubt, incredible as was the subsequent treachery of this miserable boy, that Charles at this time grew to admire and love the admiral beyond all other men. He heard from him, perhaps for the first time, of the triumphal march of Charles VIII. through Italy, the heroic defeats of Francis, and the glory that was to be won in a war with his hereditary enemy, Spain. Coligny showed him the Low Countries, eager to take himself in exchange for Philip; he offered the whole of the Huguenot forces to aid him; he awakened in the king the warlike spirit of the Valois. He did more: he showed Charles, brought up in an atmosphere of duplicity, what loyalty meant, for he gave up all the guarantees of peace, the cities of refuge, and threw the Huguenots upon the honour of the king.* This frank submission made a profound impression on Charles's plastic mind, and no doubt greatly astonished Catherine by its simplicity. For the next four months the admiral was constantly at

* "As soon as the king gave him and his partisans the exercise of their religion, it was he who first laid down his arms without keeping a single city as hostage, but gave them all up every one: and when he was asked why he did not keep them for himself and his people, he replied that they could do no more guilty thing than thus to keep cities belonging to the king; and since he permitted them the free use of their religion, what did they want more? . . . *aussy telle bonté le fit perdre; car s'il se fust réservé de bonnes villes on eust dix fois songé à le faire mourir.*" — Brantôme.

"L'Admiral dit qu'il envoyait à la non feinte parole et serment de sa Majesté, l'hazard du manquement de laquelle laymoit mieux encourir que retomber au labeur des guerres civiles, travail, danger, et incommodité d'amis, d'ennemis, et de nécessité: qu'il aymoit mieux périr que d'y retomber." — Tavannes.

court, holding long and private interviews with the king. He took a second wife, the Lady Jacqueline d'Entremont, and he had the happiness of seeing his daughter Louise married to his friend Teligny. Charles gave him permission to send off another expedition to the West Indies—remark that he returns again to his favourite scheme. And then, happy for a time, he gave way to those dreams of great things which always, even at the very darkest hours, lit up the horizon of his life: France united and victorious; Spain humiliated; French colonies in America; French commerce extended; the French navy a great force; the strengthening of the royal power; a system of universal education; for himself the command of an army against Alva, and the disgrace of the Guises.

Into these projects he threw himself with all the ardour of his nature. "*Qui empesche la guerre d'Espagne n'est pas bon Français et a une croix rouge dans le ventre*," he said to Tavannes, who was in the opposite interest; and to Strozzi and Brantôme, he said, "Praise God, all goes well; before long we shall have driven out these Spaniards from the Netherlands and made our own king the master, or died in the attempt, and I the first." There can be little doubt that in his eagerness to promote this war, in which alone he saw the chance of lasting peace, he fairly offered the king his choice between it and a renewal of civil war. Nor can there be any doubt which the king would have chosen, but for Catherine. She was afraid; she thought that fanaticism would prove stronger than patriotism. She was afraid; it is the sad refrain that runs through the history of three reigns; the queen-mother was afraid. Like all cowardly natures, Catherine hated those whom she feared. She hated the Guises all through; she hated Philip; she hated the constable; and now, for the first time, she hated Coligny. When her hatred of him was greater than her hatred of the Guises, she compassed his death.

Meantime, in spite of rumours, partial outbreaks, and murders, things seemed going well, yet Coligny had misgivings. He writes to the ministers at Zurich in January, 1572: "I pray you," he says, "I pray you, gentlemen, that as the devil does not sleep in ill-doing, you, for your part, will watch to break his designs and practices, and bear the memory of me in your prayers." In March, Jeanne d'Albret arrived at Brest, and in April she

signed the marriage contract between her son and Marguerite de Valois. Charles wrote in May to his ambassador at Constantinople, that his mind was bent upon war with Spain. The Netherlanders achieved some slight success: there were negotiations with Elizabeth, but then came bad fortune. The West-Indian expedition was cut to pieces at St. Domingo, Genlis was defeated with the force he was leading to the assistance of the Prince of Orange: and the king's resolutions were shaken. Coligny drew up a memoir: the time for peace with Spain, he said, was past. Philip would never forgive the reception given to Louis of Nassau: no time like the present for inevitable war: honour called for reprisals for the French subjects murdered in America. Every Protestant power would aid, and the wounds of France would be healed when her soldiers were once more fighting on a foreign soil. And then the admiral played his last card. The deception of the queen-mother was at last patent to him; all her lies and treacheries lay unrolled before him like a map. Who were the real enemies of his policy? Who betrayed the secret of the court to Philip? Who were the traitors to France? Those nearest and dearest to the king, his mother and his brother. He told the king the truth, and proved it. "What have you learned," asked Catherine, "in your long interview with the admiral?" "I have learned, madam," replied her son furiously, "that the two greatest enemies I have are you and my brother."

And then Catherine resolved to destroy Coligny, and with him, his party.* Men wrote warning letters to the admiral, but he laughed at them, for his influence was greater than ever with the king. On the 7th of August he wrote to La Rochelle, thanking God that the king's mind was turned to the preservation of the peace, "*vous n'avez, Dieu merci, nulle occasion de craindre*." On the 11th, William of Orange prayed him to hasten his departure for the seat of war. On the 18th they celebrated in great amity and good temper the marriage of Henry and Margaret; at the cathedral of Notre Dame, the admiral pointed to the flags that had been captured at Jarnac and Moncontour, promising soon to replace them by others more worthy of France. Those others were never to be hung there, for the ad-

* "La royne . . . resout avec deux conseillers et M. d'Anjou la mort de M. l'Admiral, croyant tout le party Huguenot consister en sa teste."—Tavannes.

miral had but six more days to live. To his wife he wrote, betraying a certain uneasiness —

If I looked only for my own contentment I should have far more pleasure in seeing you than I have in this court, and for more reasons than I can tell you . . . je pry noster Seigneur, ma mie, vous avoir en sa sainte garde et protection.

Maurevel, the hired assassin of the Guises and of Catherine, was already taking his measures.

On the 22nd, the admiral was called by the Duke of Anjou to settle a difference between two of his gentlemen. The arbitration concluded, Coligny left the Louvre to go to his own hotel; on the way he met the king, going to play tennis with the Duke de Guise, and accompanied him to the tennis-court, when he left him, and turned to go home, accompanied by ten or twelve gentlemen. In the street, a man offered him a petition, which he took and began to read, walking slowly along the road. Suddenly, there was a report from the corner house, and the admiral dropped the paper, one finger of his right hand being broken, and his left arm grievously wounded. Maurevel had missed his *coup*.

The rest is a tale ten times told. Let us close this brief sketch of Coligny's life with the shot of Maurevel. It was mercifully permitted to the admiral to die in the belief that the boy whom he had trusted, was true to his word.*

Coligny, as we have said, was by no means the venerable patriarch whom historians of the St. Bartholomew invariably depict. He was about fifty-six years of age, an extremely strong, healthy, and vigorous man, capable of any fatigue, still fresh for any kind of work. At a stage in life's journey, when the road still stretches far ahead, and plenty of work looms yet before, Coligny, at least, seemed to himself as yet to have done but one thing, the establishment of religious liberty: all the rest was still to do, and

since he failed in that, we are tempted at first sorrowfully to own that all his life's labours were spent in vain. This was not so. Coligny organized the Reform, and disciplined the Reformers: he showed them their real strength. He was the first to perceive that Protestantism could not become, in his own time at least, the religion of the country. And then he claimed, himself the first, the principles of religious toleration. He prepared the way, as he set the example, for his pupil Henry the Fourth. It was through Coligny, and no other, that the Protestants enjoyed religious liberty till the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

This was only in his capacity as chief of the Huguenot party. But what else did the great admiral do? It was he who first reduced the unruly soldiers which composed the French infantry to discipline and order — "more than a million of lives," says Brantôme, "saved by the admiral's rules." It was he who made it possible for a camp to be orderly, quiet, and God-fearing, anticipating Cromwell by exactly a hundred years: it was by the example of Coligny's fleet that William of Orange founded the Dutch navy; it was he who foresaw the advantages of a colonial empire, and strove repeatedly to establish settlements on the other side of the Atlantic, if only as a refuge for "*ceux de la religion*;" again, anticipating the Scotch Puritans, he asked for free and universal education, a thing which France has not even yet obtained; and he saw how the weakness of Spain might be turned to the strength of France. In all these things, Coligny was far before the age.

What is as remarkable as his genius, is the singularly bad luck that pursued him for the last twenty years of his life. All his projects were feasible, for the admiral was the most sensible of men, but all failed. In the tumult of civil war the discipline of his troops gave way, and he had to bear with the pillage which he could not prevent. Grievous to him must have been the heavy rumbling of the waggons in which the *Reiters* stored their plunder. Then his colonial scheme came to nothing; he was frustrated in his designs against Spain; and his death was the signal for the destruction of what he had spent so many years in building up. His life is like that of some hero of tragedy, in which the inevitable fate gradually closes more darkly round, with deeper and deeper shadow, but with occasional gleams of sunshine, till the time

* "Unfortunate death I call it for all France: seeing the evils which came of it and yet will come: for what could the king wish for more than to get rid of a powerful enemy, as he deemed him, though he showed him a good face? He was going out of a kingdom with twenty thousand of his own partisans, and, God knows, the best: he was going to conquer a country as large as a kingdom and appropriate it for his king: for himself he wanted nothing: all the reports of that kind are false: he no more wished to be king of France than I do. But he did wish to hold a great charge under the king, to have the same rank as he had held under the great king Henry, to be his lieutenant-general, and to be gratified by certain gifts, as is but reasonable." — Brantôme.

for the climax is reached. Coligny hopes and toils; but everything fails. His heart, too, would have failed, perhaps, had he foreseen, what seems the saddest thing of any, the apostasy and worthlessness of his grandchildren.

Coligny was not a faultless man. He was impatient of interference and control; he was jealous of his authority; he was over-proud of his birth; he was stern and harsh in the execution of justice.* His personal ambition seems sometimes to have led him into disregard of Huguenot interests, as when he surrendered to Charles the cities which formed the guarantees of faith; and his hatred of the Guises was too excessive to be based upon political and religious grounds only. And yet his virtues were so great that his life has sunk deeply into the hearts of the French; the great admiral's name is a proverb for fidelity, honesty, and courage. There was no one like him, so religious and so true, in an age when there seemed no truth in the world, and religion was usually but a party-cry. The name of Guise survives in the memory of no great act; he was a gallant fighting man, who passed away having received his meed of praise; the admiral was far more than this; his memory flourishes and is green, while that of his rival is well nigh extinct.

For three days after St. Bartholomew, the populace amused themselves with dragging the headless trunk of Coligny through the streets of Paris. Then they hanged it by the feet to the gibbet of Montfaucon, whither, according to some, the king and all the court rode to see their victim. But this does not seem true. During the night a faithful servant stole the mutilated corpse, and placed it in a leaden coffin. It was taken to Chantilly, the seat of Montmorency, whence it was removed to Châtillon, where, for a greater security, it was built up in a recess in the wall. Strange to say, the fact and place were quite forgotten by the unworthy descendants of the great Huguenot. In 1657 the last Coligny died, the family

title and possessions passing to the Montmorency Luxembourgs. One day, a hundred years later, the Duke of Luxembourg was at dinner in his chateau of Châtillon sur Loing, when they came to tell him that certain workmen, in executing repairs, had discovered in the wall a leaden box, doubtless containing treasure. It was opened, and found to contain the bones of the admiral. The duke did not conceal his disappointment. What were the bones of a great man compared to a box full of doubloons? He actually gave the coffin to the Marquis of Montesquiou, who built a fitting tomb for them in his park of Maupertuis. On one side of the tomb was a Latin epitaph—

Magni illius Franciæ Admiralis Gaspardis à Coliniaco hujusce loci domini ossa in spem resurrectionis hic sunt deposita: anima autem apud Eum pro quo constantissime pugnavit recepta est.

And on the other side, a slab, on which was inscribed Voltaire's account of the night of Saint Bartholomew. Then came the Revolution. Once more the coffin was removed, this time to Paris for safety. The Duke of Luxembourg, after the Restoration, asked the Count of Montesquiou-Fézensac to give it back, and finally the coffin was taken back to Châtillon, where the bones of the admiral lie resting at last and forever among the ruins of his own castle.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THREE FEATHERS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE OLD, HALF-FORGOTTEN JOKE.

"HAS he gone?" Wenna asked of her sister the next day.

"Yes, he has," Mabyne answered with a proud and revengeful face. "It was quite true what Mrs. Cornish told me: I've no doubt she had her instructions. He has just driven away to Launceston on his way to London."

"Without a word?"

"Would you like to have had another string of arguments?" Mabyne said impatiently. "Oh, Wenna, you don't know what mischief all this is doing. You are awake all night, you cry half the day: what is to be the end of it? You will work yourself into a fever."

"Yes, there must be an end of it,"

* An example of his sternness is given in the execution he ordered in Périgord. Certain peasants had ill-treated his defeated Provençal soldiers in their retreat. The admiral ordered reprisals. "Wherever he passed you saw nothing but peasants lying dead." In one place he gathered two hundred and sixty peasants in a hall and killed them every one in cold blood. It was pointed out to him that the executions should be held among those of the place where the crimes had been committed. The admiral replied that they were peasants of the same province, and the example would serve for all. Coligny certainly did not carry on war in gloved hands.

Wenna said with decision — "not for myself alone, but for others. That is all the reparation I can make now. No girl in all this country has ever acted so badly as I have done: just look at the misery I have caused; but now —"

"There is one who is miserable because he loves you," Mabyn said.

"Do you think that Mr. Roscorla has no feelings? You are so unjust to him! Well, it does not matter now: all this must come to an end. Mabyn, I should like to see Mr. Trelyon, if just for one minute."

"What will you say to him, Wenna?" her sister said with a sudden fear.

"Something that it is necessary to say to him, and the sooner it is over the better."

Mabyn rather dreaded the result of this interview; and yet, she reflected to herself, here was an opportunity for Harry Trelyon to try to win some promise from her sister. Better, in any case, that they should meet than that Wenna should simply drive him away into banishment without a word of explanation.

The meeting was easily arranged. On the next morning, long before Wenna's daily round of duties had commenced, the two sisters left the inn, and went over the bridge and out to the bold promontory of black rock at the mouth of the harbour. There was nobody about. This October morning was more like a summer day: the air was mild and still, the blue sky without a cloud; the shining sea plashed around the rocks with the soft murmuring noise of a July calm. It was on these rocks long ago that Wenna Rosewarne had pledged herself to become the wife of Mr. Roscorla; and at that time life had seemed to her, if not brilliant and beautiful, at least grateful and peaceful. Now all the peace had gone out of it.

"Oh, my darling!" Trelyon said when she advanced alone toward him—for Mabyn had withdrawn—"it is so good of you to come! Wenna, what has frightened you?"

He had seized both her hands in his, but she took them away again. For one brief second her eyes had met his, and there was a sort of wistful and despairing kindness in them: then she stood before him, with her face turned away from him, and her voice low and tremulous. "I did wish to see you—for once, for the last time," she said. "If you had gone away, you would have carried with

you cruel thoughts of me. I wish to ask your forgiveness —"

"My forgiveness?"

"Yes, for all that you may have suffered, and for all that may trouble you in the future—not in the long future, but for the little time you will remember what has taken place here. Mr. Trelyon, I—I did not know. Indeed, it is all a mystery to me now, and a great misery." Her lips began to quiver, but she controlled herself. "And surely it will only be for a short time, if you think of it at all. You are young—you have all the world before you. When you go away among other people, and see all the different things that interest a young man, you will soon forget whatever has happened here."

"And you say that to me," he said, "and you said the other night that you loved me! It is nothing, then, for people who love each other to go away and be consoled, and never see each other again?"

Again the lips quivered: he had no idea of the terrible effort that was needed to keep this girl calm. "I did say that," she said.

"And it was true?" he broke in.

"It was true then—it is true now: that is all the misery of it," she exclaimed, with tears starting to her eyes.

"And you talk of our being separated forever!" he cried. "No, not if I can help it. Mabyn has told me of all your scruples: they are not worth looking at. I tell you you are no more bound to that man than Mabyn is, and that isn't much. If he is such a mean hound as to insist on your marrying him, then I will appeal to your father and mother, and they must prevent him. Or I will go to him myself and settle the matter in a shorter way."

"You cannot now," she said: "he has gone away. And what good would that have done? I would never marry any man unless I could do so with a clear and happy conscience; and if you—if you and Mabyn—see nothing in my treatment of him that is wrong, then that is very strange; but I cannot acquit myself. No: I hope no woman will ever treat you as I have treated him. Look at his position—an elderly man, with few friends—he has not all the best of his life before him as you have, or the good spirits of youth; and after he has gone away to Jamaica, taking my promise with him—oh, I am ashamed of myself when I think on all that has happened!"

"Then you've no right to be," said he hotly. "It was the most natural thing in the world—and he ought to have known it—that a young girl who has been argued into engaging herself to an old man should consider her being in love with another man as something of rather more importance—of a good deal more importance, I should say. And his suffering? He suffers no more than this lump of rock does. That is not his way of thinking—to be bothered about anything. He may be angry, yes—and vexed for the moment, as is natural—but if you think he is going about the world with a load of agony on him, then you're quite mistaken. And if he were, what good could you do by making yourself miserable as well? Wenna, do be reasonable, now."

Had not another, on this very spot, prayed her to be reasonable? She had yielded then. Mr. Roscorla's arguments were incontrovertible, and she had shrinkingly accepted the inevitable conclusion. Now, young Trelyon's representations and pleadings were far less cogent, but how strongly her heart went with him!

"No," she said, as if she were shaking off the influence of the tempter, "I must not listen to you. Yet you don't seem to think that it costs me anything to ask you to bid me good-bye once and for all. It should be less to you than to me. A girl thinks of these things more than a man—she has little else to think of: he goes out into the world and forgets. And you—you will go away, and you will become such a man as all who know you will love to speak of and be proud of; and some day you will come back; and if you like to come down to the inn, then there will be one or two there glad to see you. Mr. Trelyon, don't ask me to tell you why this should be so. I know it to be right: my heart tells me. Now I will say good-bye to you."

"And when I come back to the inn, will you be there?" said he, becoming rather pale. "No: you will be married to a man whom you will hate."

"Indeed, no," she said, with her face flushing and her eyes cast down. "How can that be after what has taken place? He could not ask me. All that I begged of him before he went away was this—that he would not ask me to marry him; and if only he would do that I promised never to see you again—after bidding you good-bye, as I do now."

"And is that the arrangement?" said

he rather roughly. "Are we to play at dog in the manger? He is not to marry you himself, but he will not let any other man marry you?"

"Surely he has some right to consideration," she said.

"Well, Wenna," said he, "if you've made up your mind, there's no more to be said; but I think you are needlessly cruel."

"You won't say that, just as we are parting," she said in a low voice. "Do you think it is nothing to me?"

He looked at her for a moment with a great sadness and compunction in his eyes; then, moved by an uncontrollable impulse, he caught her in his arms and kissed her on the lips. "Now," said he, with his face white as death, "tell me that you will never marry any other man as long as you live."

"Yes, I will say that," she said to him in a low voice and with a face as white as his own.

"Swear it, then."

"I have said that I will never marry any other man than you," she said, "and that is enough—for me. But as for you, why must you go away thinking of such things? You will see some day what madness it would have been; you will come some day and thank me for having told you so; and then—and then—if anything should be mentioned about what I said just now, you will laugh at the old, half-forgotten joke."

Well, there was no laughing at the joke just then, for the girl burst into tears, and in the midst of that she hastily pressed his hand and hurried away. He watched her go round the rocks, to the cleft leading down to the harbour. There she was rejoined by her sister, and the two of them went slowly along the path of broken slate, with the green hill above, the blue water below, and the fair sunshine all around them. Many a time he recalled afterward—and always with an increasing weight at his heart—how sombre seemed to him that bright October day and the picturesque opening of the coast leading in to Eglosilyn. For it was the last glimpse of Wenna Rosewarne that he was to have for many a day, and a sadder picture was never treasured up in a man's memory.

"Oh, Wenna, what have you said to him that you tremble so?" Mabyne asked.

"I have bid him good-bye—that is all."

"Not for always?"

"Yes, for always."

"And he is going away again, then?"

"Yes, as a young man should. Why should he stop here to make himself wretched over impossible fancies? He will go out into the world, and he has splendid health and spirits, and he will forget all this."

"And you—you are anxious to forget it all too?"

"Would it not be better? What good can come of dreaming? Well, I have plenty of work to do; that is well."

Mabyn was very much inclined to cry: all her beautiful visions of the future happiness of her sister had been rudely dispelled—all her schemes and machinations had gone for nothing. There only remained to her, in the way of consolation, the fact that Wenna still wore the sapphire ring that Harry Trelyon had sent her.

"And what will his mother think of you?" said Mabyn as a last argument, "when she finds that you have sent him away altogether—to go into the army and go abroad, and perhaps die of yellow fever, or be shot by the Sepoys or Caffres?"

"She would have hated me if I had married him," said Wenna simply.

"Oh, Wenna, how dare you say such a thing?" Mabyn cried. "What do you mean by it?"

"Would a lady in her position like her only son to marry the daughter of an inn-keeper?" Wenna asked rather indifferently: indeed, her thoughts were elsewhere.

"I tell you there's no one in the world she loves like you—I can see it every time she comes down for you—and she believes, and I believe too, that you have changed Mr. Trelyon's way of talking and his manner of treating people in such a fashion as no one would have considered possible. Do you think she hasn't eyes? He is scarcely ever impertinent now: when he is it is always in good-nature and never in sulkiness. Look at his kindness to Mr. Trewhella's granddaughter, and Mr. Trewhella a clergyman too! Did he ever use to take his mother out for a drive? No, never. And of course she knows whom it is all owing to; and if you would marry Mr. Trelyon, Wenna, I believe she would worship you and think nothing good enough for you."

"Mabyn, I am going to ask something of you."

"Oh yes, I know what it is," her sister said. "I am not to speak any more about your marriage with Mr. Trelyon. But I

won't give you any such promise, Wenna. I don't consider that that old man has any hold on you."

Wenna said nothing, for at this moment they entered the house. Mabyn went up with her sister to her room: then she stood undecided for a moment; finally she said, "Wenna, if I've vexed you, I'm very sorry. I won't speak of Mr. Trelyon if you don't wish it. But indeed, indeed, you don't know how many people are anxious that you should be happy; and you can't expect your own sister not to be as anxious as any one else."

"Mabyn, you're a good girl," Wenna said, kissing her. "But I am rather tired to-day: I think I shall lie down for a little while."

Mabyn uttered a sharp cry, for her sister had fallen back on a chair, white and insensible. She hastily bathed her forehead with cold water, she chafed her hands, she got hold of some smelling-salts. It was only a faint, after all, and Wenna, having come to, said she would lie down on the sofa for a few minutes. Mabyn said nothing to her mother about all this, for it would have driven Mrs. Rosewarne wild with anxiety, but she herself was rather disquieted with Wenna's appearance, and she said to herself, with great bitterness of heart, "If my sister falls ill, I know who has done that."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NEW AMBITIONS.

MR. ROSCORLA, having had few friends throughout his life, had developed a most methodical habit of communing with himself on all possible subjects, but more particularly, of course, upon his own affairs. He used up his idle hours in defining his position with regard to the people and things around him, and he was never afraid to convince himself of the exact truth. He never tried to cheat himself into the belief that he was more unselfish than might appear: if other people thought so, good and well. He, at least, was not a hypocrite to himself.

Now, he had not been gone above a couple of hours or so from Eglorslyan when he discovered that he was not weighted with terrible woes: on the contrary, he experienced a feeling of austere satisfaction that he was leaving a good deal of trouble behind him. He had been badly used, he had been righteously angry. It was right that they who had thus used him badly should be punished. As for

him, if his grief did not trouble him much, that was a happy peculiarity of his temperament which did not lessen their offence against him.

Most certainly he was not weighted with woe. He had a pleasant drive in the morning over to Launceston; he smoked a cigarette or two in the train; when he arrived at Plymouth he ordered a very nice luncheon at the nearest hotel, and treated himself to a bottle of the best Burgundy the waiter could recommend him. After that he got into a smoking-carriage in the London express, he lit a large cigar, he wrapped a thick rug round his legs, and settled himself down in peace for the long journey. Now was an excellent time to find out exactly how his affairs stood.

He was indeed very comfortable. Leaving Eglosilyan had not troubled him. There was something in the knowledge that he was at last free from all those exciting scenes which a quiet, middle-aged man, not believing in romance, found trying to his nervous system. This brief holiday in Eglosilyan had been anything but a pleasant one: was he not, on the whole, glad to get away?

Then he recollected that the long-expected meeting with his betrothed had not been so full of delight as he had anticipated. Was there not just a trace of disappointment in the first shock of feeling at their meeting? She was certainly not a handsome woman—such a one as he might have preferred to introduce to his friends about Kensington in the event of his going back to live in London.

Then he thought of old General Weekes. He felt a little ashamed of himself for not having had the courage to tell the general and his wife that he meant to marry one of the young ladies who had interested them. Would it not be awkward, too, to have to introduce Wenna Rosewarne to them in her new capacity?

That speculation carried him on to the question of his marriage. There could be no doubt that his betrothed had become a little too fond of the handsomest young man in the neighbourhood. Perhaps that was natural, but at all events she was now very much ashamed of what had happened, and he might trust her to avoid Harry Trelyon in the future. That having been secured, would not her thoughts naturally drift back to the man to whom she had plighted a troth which was still formally binding on her? Time was on his side. She would forget that

young man: she would be anxious, as soon as these temporary disturbances of her affections were over, to atone for the past by her conduct in the future. Girls had very strong notions about duty.

Well, he drove to his club, and finding one of the bedrooms free, he engaged it for a week, the longest time possible. He washed, dressed, and went down to dinner. To his great delight, the first man he saw was old Sir Percy himself, who was writing out a very elaborate *menu*, considering that he was ordering dinner for himself only. He and Mr. Roscorla agreed to dine together.

Now, for some years back Mr. Roscorla in visiting his club had found himself in a very isolated and uncomfortable position. Long ago he had belonged to the younger set—to those reckless young fellows who were not afraid to eat a hasty dinner, and then rush off to take a mother and a couple of daughters to the theatre, returning at midnight to some anchovy toast and a glass of Burgundy, followed by a couple of hours of brandy-and-soda, cigars and billiards. But he had drifted away from that set; indeed, they had disappeared, and he knew none of their successors. On the other hand, he never got into the ways of the old-fogy set. Those stout old gentlemen who carefully drank nothing but claret and seltzer, who took a quarter of an hour to write out their dinner-bill, who spent the evening in playing whist, kept very much to themselves. It was into this set that the old general now introduced him. Mr. Roscorla had quite the air of a bashful young man when he made one of a party of those ancients, who dined at the same table each evening. He was almost ashamed to order a pint of champagne for himself—it savoured so much of youth. He was silent in the presence of his seniors, and indeed they were garrulous enough to cover his silence. Their talk was mostly of politics—not the politics of the country, but the politics of office—of under-secretaries and candidates for place. They seemed to look on the government of the country as a sort of mechanical clock, which from time to time sent out a few small figures, and from time to time took them in again; and they showed an astonishing acquaintance with the internal and intricate mechanism which produced these changes. Perhaps it was because they were so busy in watching for changes on the face of the clock that they seemed to forget the swinging on-

ward of the great world outside and the solemn march of the stars.

Most of those old gentlemen had lived their life — had done their share of heavy dining and reckless drinking many years ago — and thus it was they had come to drink seltzer and claret. But it appeared that it was their custom after dinner to have the table-cover removed and some port wine placed on the mahogany. Mr. Roscorla, who had felt as yet no ugly sensations about his finger-joints, regarded this ceremony with equanimity, but it was made the subject of some ominous joking on the part of his companions. Then joking led to joking. There were no more politics. Some very funny stories were told. Occasionally one or two names were introduced, as of persons well known in London society, though not of it; and Mr. Roscorla was surprised that he had never heard these names before: you see how one becomes ignorant of the world if one buries one's self down in Cornwall. Mr. Roscorla began to take quite an interest in these celebrated people, in the price of their ponies, and the diamonds they were understood to have worn at a certain very singular ball. He was pleased to hear, too, of the manner in which the aristocracy of England were resuming their ancient patronage of the arts, for he was given to understand that a young earl or baron could scarcely be considered a man of fashion unless he owned a theatre.

On their way up to the card-room, Mr. Roscorla and one of his venerable companions went into the hall to get their cigar-cases from their top-coat pockets. This elderly gentleman had been the governor of an island in the Pacific: he had now been resident for many years in England. He was on the directorate of one or two well-known commercial companies; he had spoken at several meetings on the danger of dissociating religion from education in the training of the young; in short, he was a tower of respectability. On the present occasion he had to pull out a muffler to get at his cigar-case, and with the muffler came a small parcel tied up in tissue-paper.

"Neat, aren't they?" said he with a senile grin, showing Mr. Roscorla the tips of a pair of pink satin slippers.

"Yes," said Mr. Roscorla: "I suppose they're for your daughter."

They went up to the card-room.

"I expect you'll teach us a lesson, Roscorla," said the old general. "Gad!

some of you West-Indian fellows know the difference between a ten and an ace."

"Last time I played cards," Roscorla said modestly, "I was lucky enough to win forty-eight pounds."

"Whew! We can't afford that sort of thing on this side of the water — not if you happen to serve her Majesty, any way. Come, let's cut for partners."

There was but little talking, of course, during the card-playing: at the end of it Mr. Roscorla found he had only lost half a sovereign. Then everybody adjourned to a snug little smoking-room, to which only members were admitted. This, to the neophyte, was the pleasantest part of the evening. He seemed to hear of everything that was going on in London, and a good deal more besides. He was behind the scenes of all the commercial, social, and political performances which were causing the vulgar crowd to gape. He discovered the true history of the hostility shown by So-and-so to the premier; he was told the little scandal which caused her Majesty to refuse to knight a certain gentleman who had claims on the government; he heard what the duke really did offer to the gamekeeper whose eye he had shot out, and the language used by the keeper on the occasion; and he received such information about the financial affairs of many a company as made him wonder whether the final collapse of the commercial world were at hand. He forgot that he had heard quite similar stories twenty years before. Then they had been told by ingenuous youths full of the importance of the information they had just acquired: now they were told by garrulous old gentlemen, with a cynical laugh which was more amusing than the hot-headed asseveration of the juniors. It was, on the whole, a delightful evening, this first evening of his return to club-life; and then it was so convenient to go up-stairs to bed instead of having to walk from the inn of Eglosillyan to Basset Cottage.

Just before leaving, the old general took Roscorla aside, and said to him, "Monstrous amusing fellows, eh?"

"Very."

"Just a word. Don't you let old Lewis lug you into any of his companies: you understand?"

"There's not much fear of that," Mr. Roscorla said with a laugh. "I haven't a brass farthing to invest."

"All you West-Indians say that: how-

ever, so much the better. And there's old Strafford, too: he's got some infernal India-rubber patent. Gad, sir! he knows no more about those commercial fellows than the man in the moon; and they'll ruin him—mark my words, they'll ruin him."

Roscorla was quite pleased to be advised. It made him feel young and ingenuous. After all, the disparity in years between him and his late companions was most obvious.

"And when are you coming to dine with us, eh?" the general said, lighting a last cigar and getting his hat. "Tomorrow night?—quiet family party, you know: her ladyship'll be awfully glad to see you. Is it a bargain? All right—seven: we're early folks. I say, you needn't mention I dined here to-night: to tell you the truth, I'm supposed to be looking after a company too, and precious busy about it. Mum's the word, d'ye see?"

Really this plunge into a new sort of life was quite delightful. When he went down to breakfast next morning, he was charmed with the order and cleanliness of everything around him; the sunlight was shining in at the large windows; there was a bright fire, in front of which he stood and read the paper until his cutlets came. There was no croaking of an old Cornish housekeeper over her bills—no necessity for seeing if the grocer had been correct in his addition. Then there was a slight difference between the cooking here and that which prevailed in Basset Cottage.

In a comfortable frame of mind he leisurely walked down to Canon Street and announced himself to his partners. He sat for an hour or so in a snug little parlour, talking over their joint venture and describing all that had been done. There was indeed every ground for hope, and he was pleased to hear them say that they were specially obliged to him for having gone out to verify the reports that had been sent home, and for his personal supervision while there. They hoped he would draw on the joint association for a certain sum which should represent the value of that supervision.

Now, if Mr. Roscorla had really been possessed at this moment of the wealth to which he looked forward, he would not have taken so much interest in it. He would have said to himself, "What is the life I am to lead, now that I have this money? Having luncheon at the club, walking in the Park in the afternoon,

dining with a friend in the evening, and playing whist or billiards, with the comfortable return to my bachelor's chambers at night? Is that all that my money can give me?"

But he had not the money. He looked forward to it, and it seemed to him that it contained all the possibilities of happiness. Then he would be free. No more stationary dragging out of existence in that Cornish cottage. He would move about, he would enjoy life. He was still younger than those jovial old fellows, who seemed to be happy enough. When he thought of Wenna Rosewarne it was with the notion that marriage very considerably hampers a man's freedom of action.

If a man were married could he have a choice of thirty dishes for luncheon? Could he have the first edition of the evening papers brought him almost damp from the press? Then how pleasant it was to be able to smoke a cigar and to write one or two letters at the same time in a large and well-ventilated room! Mr Roscorla did not fail to draw on his partners for the sum they had mentioned: he was not short of money, but he might as well gather the first few drops of the coming shower.

He did not go up to walk in the Park, for he knew there would be almost nobody there at that time of the year; but he walked up to Bond Street and bought a pair of dress-boots, after which he returned to the club and played billiards with one of his companions of the previous evening until it was time to dress for dinner.

The party at the general's was a sufficiently small one, for you cannot ask any one to dinner at a few hours' notice, except it be a merry and marriageable widow who has been told that she will meet an elderly and marriageable bachelor. This complaisant lady was present; and Mr. Roscorla found himself on his entrance being introduced to a good-looking, buxom dame, who had a healthy, merry, roseate face, very black eyes and hair, and a somewhat gorgeous dress. She was a trifle demure at first, but her amiable shyness soon wore off, and she was most kind to Mr. Roscorla. He, of course, had to take in Lady Weekes; but Mrs. Seton-Willoughby sat opposite him, and, while keeping the whole table amused with an account of her adventures in Galway, appeared to address the narrative principally to the stranger.

"Oh, my dear Lady Weekes," she

said, "I was so glad to get back to Brighton! I thought I should have forgotten my own language, and taken to war-paint and feathers, if I had remained much longer. And Brighton is so delightful just now — just comfortably filled, without the November crush having set in. Now, couldn't you persuade the general to take you down for a few days? I am going down on Friday, and you know how dreadful it is for a poor lone woman to be in a hotel, especially with a maid who spends all her time in flirting with the first-floor waiters. Now, won't you, dear? I assure you the Hotel is most charming — such freedom, and the pleasant parties they make up in the drawing-room! I believe they have a ball two or three nights a week just now."

"I should have thought you would have found the — rather quieter," said Mr. Roscorla, naming a good, old-fashioned house.

"Rather quieter?" said the widow, raising her eyebrows. "Yes, a good deal quieter? About as quiet as a Dissenting chapel. No, no: if one means to have a little pleasure, why go to such a place as that? Now, will you come and prove the truth of what I have told you?"

Mr. Roscorla looked alarmed, and even the solemn Lady Weekes had to conceal a smile.

"Of course I mean you to persuade our friends here to come too," the widow explained. "What a delightful frolic it would be — for a few days, you know — to break away from London! Now, my dear, what do you say?"

She turned to her hostess. That small and sombre person referred her to the general. The general, on being appealed to, said he thought it would be a capital joke; and would Mr. Roscorla go with them? Mr. Roscorla, not seeing why he should not have a little frolic of this sort, just like any one else, said he would. So they agreed to meet at Victoria Station on the following Friday.

"Struck, eh?" said the old general when the two gentlemen were alone after dinner. "Has she wounded you, eh? Gad, sir! that woman has eight thousand pounds a year in the India Four per Cents. Would you believe it? Would you believe that any man could have been such a fool as to put such a fortune into India Four per Cents? — with mortgages going a-begging at six, and the marine insurance companies paying thirteen! Well, my boy, what do you think of her?"

She was most uncommonly attentive to you, that I'll swear: don't deny it — now, don't deny it. Bless my soul! you marrying men are so sly there is no getting at you. Well, what was I saying? Yes, yes — will she do? Eight thousand a year, as I'm a living sinner!"

Mr. Roscorla was intensely flattered to have it even supposed that the refusal of such a fortune was within his power. "Well," said he, modestly and yet critically, "she's not quite my style. I'm rather afraid of three-deckers. But she seems a very good-natured sort of woman."

"Good-natured! Is that all you say? I can tell you, in my time men were nothing so particular when there were eight thousand a year going a-begging."

"Well, well," said Mr. Roscorla with a smile, "it is a very good joke. When she marries, she'll marry a younger man than I am."

"Don't you be mistaken — don't you be mistaken!" the old general cried. "You've made an impression — I'll swear you have; and I told her ladyship you would."

"And what did Lady Weekes say?"

"Gad, sir! she said it would be a deuced good thing for both of you."

"She is very kind," said Mr. Roscorla, pleased at the notion of having such a prize within reach, and yet not pleased that Lady Weekes should have fancied this the sort of woman he would care to marry.

They went to Brighton, and a very pleasant time of it they had at the big, noisy hotel. The weather was delightful. Mrs. Seton-Willoughby was excessively fond of riding; forenoon and afternoon they had their excursions, with the pleasant little dinner of the evening to follow. Was not this a charmed land into which the former hermit of Basset Cottage was straying? Of course, he never dreamed for a moment of marrying this widow: that was out of the question. She was just a little too demonstrative — very clever and amusing for half-an-hour or so, but too gigantic a blessing to be taken through life. It was the mere possibility of marrying her, however, which attracted Mr. Roscorla. He honestly believed, judging by her kindness to him, that if he seriously tried he could get her to marry him — in other words, that he might become possessed of eight thousand pounds a year. This money, so to speak, was within his reach; and it was only now that he was beginning to see

that money could purchase many pleasures even for the middle-aged. He made a great mistake in imagining, down in Cornwall, that he had lived his life, and that he had but to look forward to mild enjoyments, a peaceful wandering onward to the grave, and the continual study of economy in domestic affairs. He was only now beginning to live.

"And when are you coming back?" said the widow to him one evening when they were all talking of his leaving England.

"That I don't know," he said.

"Of course," she said, "you don't mean to remain in the West Indies. I suppose lots of people have to go there for some object or other, but they always come back when it is attained."

"They come back to attain some other object here," said Mr. Roscorla.

"Then we'll soon find you that," the general burst in. "No man lives out of England who can help it. Don't you find in this country enough to satisfy you?"

"Indeed I do," Mr. Roscorla said, "especially within the last few days. I have enjoyed myself enormously. I shall always have a friendly recollection of Brighton."

"Are you going down to Cornwall before you leave?" Sir Percy asked.

"No," said he slowly.

"That isn't quite so cheerful as Brighton, eh?"

"Not quite."

He kept his word. He did not go back to Cornwall before leaving England, nor did he send a single line or message to any one there. It was with something of a proud indifference that he set sail, and also with some notion that he was being amply revenged. For the rest, he hated "scenes," and he had encountered quite enough of these during his brief visit to Eglosilyan.

CHAPTER XL.

AN OLD LADY'S APOLOGY.

WHEN Wenna heard that Mr. Roscorla had left England without even bidding her good-bye by letter, she accepted the rebuke with submission, and kept her own counsel. She went about her daily duties with an unceasing industry: Mrs. Trelyon was astonished to see how she seemed to find time for everything. The winter was coming on, and the sewing-club was in full activity, but even apart from the affairs of that enterprise, Wenna Rosewarne seemed to be everywhere

throughout the village, to know everything, to be doing everything that prudent help and friendly counsel could do. Mrs. Trelyon grew to love the girl in her vague, wondering, simple fashion.

So the days and the weeks and the months went by, and the course of life ran smoothly and quietly in the remote Cornish village. Apparently there was nothing to indicate the presence of bitter regrets, of crushed hopes, of patient despair; only Mabyn used to watch her sister at times, and she fancied that Wenna's face was growing thinner.

The Christmas festivities came on, and Mrs. Trelyon was pleased to lend her *protégée* a helping hand in decorating the church. One evening she said, "My dear Miss Wenna, I am going to ask you an impertinent question. Could your family spare you on Christmas evening? Harry is coming down from London: I am sure he would be so pleased to see you."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Trelyon," Wenna said, with just a little nervousness. "You are very kind, but indeed I must be at home on Christmas evening."

"Perhaps some other evening while he is here you will be able to come up," said Mrs. Trelyon in her gentle way. "You know you ought to come and see how your pupil is getting on. He writes me such nice letters now; and I fancy he is working very hard at his studies, though he says nothing about it."

"I am very glad to hear that," Wenna said in a low voice.

Trelyon did come to the Hall for a few days, but he kept away from the village, and was seen by no one of the Rosewarnes. But on the Christmas morning, Mabyn Rosewarne, being early about, was told that Mrs. Trelyon's groom wished to see her, and, going down, she found the man, with a basket before him.

"Please, miss, Mr. Trelyon's compliments, and would you take the flowers out of the cotton-wool and give them to Miss Rosewarne?"

"Oh, won't I?" said Mabyn, opening the basket at once, and carefully getting out a bouquet of camellias, snowdrops, and sweet violets. "Just you wait a minute, Jakes, for I've got a Christmas-box for you."

Mabyn went up-stairs as rapidly as was consistent with the safety of the flowers, and burst into her sister's room: "Oh, Wenna, look at this! Do you know who sent them? Did you ever see anything so lovely?"

For a second the girl seemed almost

frightened; then her eyes grew troubled and moist, and she turned her head away. Mabyn put them gently down and left the room without a word.

The Christmas and the New Year passed without any message from Mr. Roscorla; and Mabyn, though she rebelled against the bondage in which her sister was placed, was glad that she was not disturbed by angry letters. About the middle of January, however, a brief note arrived from Jamaica.

"I cannot let such a time go by," Mr. Roscorla wrote, "whatever may be our relations, without sending you a friendly word. I do hope the new year will bring you health and happiness, and that we shall in time forget the angry manner in which we parted and all the circumstances leading to it."

She wrote as brief a note in reply, at the end of which she hoped he would forgive her for any pain he had suffered through her. Mabyn was rejoiced to find that the correspondence—whether it was or was not meant on his part to be an offer of reconciliation—stopped there.

And again the slow days went by until the world began to stir with the new spring-time—the saddest time of the year to those who live much in the past. Wenna was out and about a great deal, being continually busy, but she no longer took those long walks by herself in which she used to chat to the butterflies and the young lambs and the sea-gulls. The fresh western breezes no longer caused her spirits to flow over in careless gaiety: she saw the new flowers springing out of the earth, but it was of another spring-time she was thinking.

One day, later on in the year, Mrs. Trelyon sent down the waggonette for her, with the request that she would come up to the Hall for a few minutes. Wenna obeyed the summons, imagining that some business connected with the sewing-club claimed her attention. When she arrived she found Mrs. Trelyon unable to express the gladness and gratitude that filled her heart; for before her were certain London newspapers, and, behold! Harry Trelyon's name was recorded there in certain lists as having scored a sufficient number of marks in the examination to entitle him to a first commission. It was no concern of hers that his name was pretty far down in the list—enough that he had succeeded somehow. And who was the worker of this miracle?—who but the shy, sad-eyed girl standing beside her, whose face wore now a hap-

pier expression than it had worn for many a day.

"And this is what he says," the proud mother continued, showing Wenna a letter: 'It isn't much to boast of, for indeed you'll see by the numbers that it was rather a narrow squeak: anyhow, I pulled through. My old tutor is rather a speculative fellow, and he offered to bet me fifty pounds his coaching would carry me through, which I took; so I shall have to pay him that besides his fees. I must say he has earned both: I don't think a more ignorant person than myself ever went to a man to get crammed. I send you two newspapers: you might drop one at the inn for Miss Rosewarne any time you are passing, or if you could see her and tell her, perhaps that would be better.'

Wenna was about as pleased and proud as Mrs. Trelyon was. "I knew he could do it if he tried," she said quietly.

"And then," the mother went on to say, "when he has once joined there will be no money wanting to help him to his promotion; and when he comes back to settle down here, he will have some recognized rank and profession, such as a man ought to have. Not that he will remain in the army, for of course I should not like to part with him, and he might be sent to Africa or Canada or the West Indies. You know," she added with a smile, "that it is not pleasant to have any one you care for in the West Indies."

When Wenna got home again she told Mabyn. Strange to say, Mabyn did not clap her hands for joy, as might have been expected.

"Wenna," said she, "what made him go into the army? Was it to show you that he could pass an examination? or was it because he means to leave England?"

"I do not know," said Wenna, looking down. "I hope he does not mean to leave England." That was all she said.

Harry Trelyon was, however, about to leave England, though not because he had been gazetted to a colonial regiment. He came down to inform his mother that on the fifteenth of the month he would sail for Jamaica; and then and there, for the first time, he told her the whole story of his love for Wenna Rosewarne, of his determination to free her somehow from the bonds that bound her, and, failing that, of the revenge he meant to take. Mrs. Trelyon was amazed, angry and beseeching in turns. At one moment she protested that it was madness of her son

to think of marrying Wenna Rosewarne ; at another, she would admit all that he said in praise of her, and would only implore him not to leave England ; or again she would hint that she would almost herself go down to Wenna and beg her to marry him if only he gave up this wild intention of his. He had never seen his mother so agitated, but he reasoned gently with her, and remained firm to his purpose. Was there half as much danger in taking a fortnight's trip in a mail-steamer as in going from Southampton to Malta in a yacht, which he had twice done with her consent ?

"Why, if I had been ordered to join a regiment in China, you might have some reason to complain," he said. "And I shall be as anxious as you, mother, to get back again, for I mean to get up my drill thoroughly as soon as I am attached. I have plenty of work before me."

"You're not looking well, Harry," said the mother.

"Of course not," said he cheerfully. "You don't catch one of those geese at Strasburg looking specially lively when they tie it by the leg and cram it ; and that's what I've been going through of late. But what better cure can there be then a sea-voyage ?"

And so it came about that on a pleasant evening in October Mr. Roscorla received a visit. He saw the young man come riding up the acacia path, and he instantaneously guessed his mission. His own resolve was taken as quickly.

"Bless my soul ! is it you, Trelyon ?" he cried with apparent delight. "You mayn't believe it, but I am really glad to see you. I have been going to write to you for many a day back. I'll send somebody for your horse : come into the house."

The young man, having fastened up the bridle, followed his host. There was a calm and business-like rather than a holiday look on his face. "And what were you going to write to me about?" he asked.

"Oh, you know," said Roscorla good-naturedly. "You see, a man takes very different views of life when he knocks about a bit. For my part, I am more interested in my business now than in anything else of a more tender character ; and I may say that I hope to pay you back a part of the money you lent me as soon as our accounts for this year are made up. Well, about that other point : I don't see how I could well return to

England, to live permanently there, for a year or two at the soonest ; and—and, in fact, I have often wondered, now, whether it wouldn't be better if I asked Miss Rosewarne to consider herself finally free from that—from that engagement."

"Yes, I think it would be a great deal better," said Trelyon coldly. "And perhaps you would kindly put your resolve into writing. I shall take it back to Miss Rosewarne. Will you kindly do so now ?"

"Why," said Roscorla rather sharply, "you don't take my proposal in a very friendly way. I imagine I am doing you a good turn too. It is not every man would do so in my position ; for, after all, she treated me very badly. However, we needn't go into that. I will write her a letter if you like—now, indeed, if you like ; and won't you stop a day or two here before going back to Kingston ?"

Mr. Trelyon intimated that he would like to have the letter at once, and that he would consider the invitation afterward. Roscorla, with a good-natured shrug, sat down and wrote it, and then handed it to Trelyon, open. As he did so he noticed that the young man was coolly abstracting the cartridge from a small breech-loading pistol he held in his hand. He put the cartridge in his waistcoat-pocket and the pistol in his coat-pocket.

"Did you think we were savages out here, that you came armed ?" said Roscorla, rather pale, but smiling.

"I didn't know," said Trelyon.

One morning there was a marriage in Eglosilyan, up there at the small church on the bleak downs overlooking the wide sea. The spring-time had come round again ; there was a May-like mildness in the air ; the skies overhead were as blue as the great plain of the sea ; and all the beautiful green world was throbbing with the upspringing life of the flowers. It was just like any other wedding, but for one little incident. When the bride came out into the bewildering glare of the sun, she vaguely knew that the path through the churchyard was lined on both sides with children. Now, she was rather well known to the children about, and they had come in a great number ; and when she passed down between them it appeared that the little folks had brought vast heaps of primroses and violets in their aprons and in tiny baskets, and

they strewed her path with these flowers of the new spring. Well, she burst into tears at this, and hastily leaving her husband's arm for a moment, she caught up one of the least of the children—a small, golden-haired girl of four—and kissed her. Then she turned to her husband again, and was glad that he led her down to the gate, for her eyes were so blinded with tears that she could not see her way.

Nor did anything very remarkable occur at the wedding-breakfast. But there was a garrulous old lady there with bright pink cheeks and silvery hair; and she did not cease to prattle to the clergyman who had officiated in the church, and who was seated next her. "Indeed, Mr. Trehwella," she said confidentially, "I always said this is what would come of it. Never any one of those Trelyons set his heart on a girl but he got her; and what was the use of friends or relatives fighting against it? Nay, I don't think there's any cause of complaint—not I! She's a modest, nice, ladylike girl: she is indeed, although she isn't so handsome as her sister. Dear, dear me! look at that girl now! Won't she be a prize for some man? I declare I haven't seen so handsome a girl for many a day. And, as I tell you, Mr. Trehwella, it's no use trying to prevent it: if one of the Trelyons falls in love with a girl, the girl's done for: she may as well give in."

"If I may say so," observed the old clergymen, with a sly gallantry, "you do not give the gentlemen of your family credit for the most remarkable feature of their marriage connections. They seem to have had always a very good idea of making an excellent choice."

The old lady was vastly pleased. "Ah, well," she said, with a shrewd smile, "there were two or three who thought George Trelyon—that was this young man's grandfather, you know—lucky enough, if one might judge by the noise they made. Dear, dear! what a to-do there was when we ran away! Why, don't you know, Mr. Trehwella, that I ran away from a ball with him, and drove to Gretna Green with my ball-dress on, as I'm a living woman? Such a ride it was!—why, when we got up to Carlisle——"

But that story has been told before.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE ABODE OF SNOW.

KASHMIR.

ALMOST every one longs, and many hope, to see the beautiful vale of Kashmir. Probably no region of the earth is so well known to the eye of imagination, or so readily suggests the idea of a terrestrial paradise. So far from having been disappointed with the reality, or having experienced any cause for wishing that I had left Kashmir unvisited, I can most sincerely say that the beautiful reality excels the somewhat vague poetic vision which has been associated with the name. But Kashmir is rather a difficult country to get at, especially when you come down upon it from behind, by way of Zanskar and Súrú. According to tradition, it was formerly the garden of Eden; and one is very well disposed to accept that theory when trying to get into it from the north or north-west. Most people go up to it from the plains of India by one of the four authorized routes; but I have a habit of getting into places by some quite unusual way, and did so in this instance.

From Súrú to Kartse and Sankú, a day's journey, the road was not bad, except at one place, where I had to ride high up the mountains in order to find a path possible for ponies, and at another where the path was so narrow, running athwart precipices and nearly precipitous slopes of shingle, that a man whom I met leading his pony along it, had to take his steed back for more than a mile before the two ponies could pass each other. At Sankú there was a fine grove of trees for a camping-ground, giving promise of a more genial clime, though there was snow lying under the trees; and the way from Sankú to Omba, up the valley of the Nakpo Chu, was tolerably easy; but after leaving Omba I did come upon some places which were "a little difficult to get over." Unfortunately I had no proper map of that part of the country; and, starting early from Sankú, we reached the mountain-village of Omba at half past ten in the morning. That seemed rather a short day's journey, so I asked one of the coolies, who spoke a little Hindústani, how far it was from Omba to Dras, and he said it was the same distance as we had come from Sankú to Omba, and farther illustrated his meaning by grasping my alpenstock by the middle, and indicating the two halves of it as illustrations of the equal length of the

two distances. When I afterwards reproached this man for the difficulty into which he had led us, he answered, with true Kashmirian effrontery, that he had said nothing of the kind; that it was a *Draswallah*, a fellow from Dras, who, he alleged, had passed at the time, that had said so. But no one objected to our going on, and all the *bigarries* showed a remarkable alacrity in starting. What in earth their motive was I cannot say positively. Perhaps they really wished to get on to Dras that day, from fear of being cut off from their homes by a fall of snow; but it is more probable that they were afraid of going there, and proposed to give me the slip among the mountains; for about this time the envoy of the Yarkund ruler was expected to be coming up the Dras valley, on his return from a visit to Constantinople, and immense numbers of Kashmir coolies were being impressed in order to take his European purchases up to Leh. At all events there must have been some secret motive for their hurrying me into the injurious task of undertaking in one day what ought properly to have been a three days' journey. I was ignorant of the fact when among those mountains; but find now, that in 1822, Moorcroft went over the same road, and he took three days to it, though it was July, and he started from above Sankú, and on the third day did not reach Dras, but only the hamlet opposite it, which I reached in one day from Sankú; so it can be understood how tremendous was the day's journey, and how great the mistake into which I was led.

So we started from Omba, and began to ascend a hill. I do not say "a hill" sarcastically, because had I seen, soon after starting, what a mountain this hill was, I should immediately have turned back and camped at Omba; but, though immense mountains rose before us, they did so in such a manner as to make it appear likely that a low pass ran between them. It was not until we had laboured up steadily for about a couple of hours that the horrible truth began to dawn upon my mind that there was no pass, and that it was up the face of one of those gigantic mountains that we were now going by a corkscrew path. There really appeared to be no end either of the path or of the mountain, and we soon got involved in large patches of snow, though this was the south side of "the pass." It was like going up, not to Kashmir, but to heaven; and I should even then have returned to Omba but for the considera-

tion that the *bigarries* were from Sankú, and that it might be difficult to supply their places or to get them to go on next day. Meanwhile they began to show symptoms of distress, and two or three attempted to leave their luggage and bolt. One man nearly effected his escape by getting leave to go down a little way to a snow-rivulet to drink. Whenever he got there he took to his heels down the pass, but was cut off and forced to come back by one of my servants who had fallen behind and was coming up on horseback.

However, I ignorantly thought that if we got to the top of this tremendous Om-ba La, or Om-ba Pass (which was as steep, and must have been as high, as the Kúnga-ma, which leads from Namgea over into Chinese Tibet), it would be all right; and so I encouraged the *bigarries* to labour upwards. There was deep snow at the summit; and looking down the northern side, an immense sheet of snow was seen stretching down into a desolate valley, and broken only by the track of a party of Baltis we met at the summit. One of these was crying bitterly, and on inquiring into the cause, I found he had been struck with snow-blindness by the reflection of the sun. I had scarcely time to look round, and the dazzling whiteness was too much for my eyes, even when protected by blue glass; but Moorcroft says that when he crossed it, and when there must have been much less snow, "the view from the crest presented a majestic line of snow-covered mountain-tops, very little above the level of the pass, extending round a circle of at least twenty miles in diameter. The uniformity of the ridges was very remarkable; for although broken with peak and gorge, yet there were no single mountains or mountain-chains that towered ambitiously above their fellows."

It took us a long time to get down that snow-slope, and for riders it was rather ticklish work. On reaching the desolate valley, where there were only a few stunted bushes, I thought it high time to refresh the inner man, fancying we had only to go down this valley a little way to come upon Dras and human habitations; but I had only taken a few mouthfuls when I learned that it led nowhere, that it had no human habitations, and that, in order to reach Dras, we should have to cross another snowy range, possibly higher than the one we had just got over with so much difficulty. The effect upon me of this piece of information was precisely like that of a hot potato. On

inquiry, I found that the scores of coolies had little more than a pound of flour among them, and that my servants were in almost as bad a predicament. I had told the latter always to be provided for such an emergency; but they excused themselves on the ground that they had supposed we had got out of the high mountains. I myself could have camped with perfect comfort, having plenty of provisions and clothing; but the *bigarries* had no sufficient means of protecting themselves from the cold, besides being destitute of provisions. The situation was an extremely difficult one, because by this time it was past three o'clock; the sun was completely shaded off the valley by the mountains around; an intense cold began to make us all shiver; and to attempt a snowy pass at that hour in the afternoon, after having been almost continuously travelling from before seven in the morning, was a distasteful and exceedingly hazardous thing to do.

On the other hand, it occurred to me very forcibly that if I did camp there I should find in the morning that all the coolies had disappeared. It could hardly be supposed that they had led me into this position merely for the pleasure of doing three days' journey in one, or of themselves spending a night unprotected from the cold and with empty stomachs, in the Twajeh valley. The most rational supposition was that they wanted to give me the slip, and so I determined to proceed at all risks. It was most fortunate I did so, because next day a tremendous snowstorm fell over these mountains. If we had remained in this elevated valley all night, we certainly could not have got over to Dras the next day, or for several days, and it is almost as certain that we could not have got back to Omba. The most of the party must have perished; and hence I really was indebted to the imaginary *Draswallah*; though, from the exposure of that evening, I suffered for months.

But having determined to proceed, it was absolutely necessary to secure that the bearers of my baggage should do so likewise. Fortunately all my servants were mounted, so I broke up our party into three divisions, in order that the coolies might more easily be kept in hand. I sent on my most valuable articles in front, carried by coolies under charge of the violent Chota Khan, and a *sowar*, or trooper, who had been sent with me by the *thanadar* of Súrú. Keeping the sharp boy Nurdass with me, I took

the most refractory of the men under my own charge, and made Phooleyram and Silas with his gun look after a small section in the rear. My servants saw as well as I did the necessity for the most decided action, and we soon reached the foot of the second range. Here the man who had before nearly succeeded in running away gave me some trouble by making a similar attempt, and afterwards by lying down and refusing to budge an inch further, so I had to show him that such conduct might involve worse evils than those of going on. I was not at all afraid of their running away once I got them well over the summit of this infernal second snowy range, because from that point they could hardly have reached Omba on empty stomachs; so my great anxiety was to get them over the brow of the range before dark, so long as there was light enough for us to keep them in hand. By various kinds of encouragement I managed to push them up that lofty mountain at really an astonishing rate, considering the ground they had got over that day; and when I saw men flagging really from want of strength, I made them hold on by our horses' tails, which, in making an ascent, is very nearly as good as riding on the animal itself.

The sun had disappeared, and the light on the snow we were crossing had become pale, when I got my party up to the summit of this great mountain-ridge. But instead of a descent to Dras, I saw before me, with dismay, a large valley of snow, athwart which ran the tracks of Chota Khan's party, rising up into a higher mountain-range beyond. It was, in fact, a sort of double pass we were on; and though the descent between the two ridges was not great, yet it was sufficiently formidable, and the distance between them was enough to alarm one in the circumstances. How weird that scene was in the grey fading light! The cold made me shiver to the bone; but there was something in the scene also to make one shiver, so cold-looking was it, so death-like. A crescent moon gleamed in the sky with exceeding brightness, and the whole disc of the moon was distinctly visible; but the light was insufficient to dispel the darkness which seemed to be creeping up from the valley over the wastes of snow. We had quite sufficient light, however, to take us over the second summit of the pass; but I suffered much from the cold, being insufficiently clad, having had no expectation whatever of being up about sixteen thousand feet at such

an hour. It was with a feeling of great relief that I learned that we had now only to descend, and had no more snowy ridges to surmount on our terrible way to Dras.

But how to descend? That was the question which immediately forced itself upon me. I was inclined to stick to the pony so long as I did not find it upon the top of me; and fortunately it was a wonderful steed, equalled only by that of the Shigri valley; but by this time the night had become dark, the crescent moon was disappearing behind the mountains, and there were long slopes of snow to be traversed. Here the pony absolutely refused to move a step without my allowing it to put its nose down close to the snow; and though, when it was in such an attitude on a steep slope, there was considerable difficulty in keeping on its back, I found it could be trusted to go down safely in that way; and carry me down it did, until we got into a deep and excessively dark gorge, where it was impossible to ride. It was so dark here that we could hardly see a step before us, and I scrambled through in a manner that I could hardly have believed possible. Our way lay along the bed of a stream full of great stones, over which we often fell. Then we would break through ice into pools of ice-cold water, and come to falls where we had to let one man down and descend upon his shoulders. The pony meanwhile followed us, obedient to the voice of its owner; and it seemed to have more power of finding its way than we possessed, for it got round descents which it could hardly have jumped, and which we could find no way of avoiding.

After that frightful passage we came on more gentle and easy descents; but it was with intense relief that I saw the flames of a large fire of thorn-bushes which Chota Khan and the *sowar* had kindled for our guidance at a hamlet opposite to Dras, on our side of the river. We gladly turned our steps in that direction, and stayed there for the night, the men of the hamlet assisting in setting up my tent. It was past ten before I reached this place, so that we had been above fifteen hours almost continuously travelling. The party under Silas came in soon; but he himself did not turn up for nearly an hour, and when he arrived he was in a very excited state. After dark he got separated from his party, and came down that awful gorge in company with one old coolie, of whose language

he understood only the single word *balú*, or "bear;" and no doubt there were likely enough to be bears about. This was clearly not treatment such as a Bombay butler had a right to expect; but a little cocoa had a beneficial effect upon him: and whenever my tent was set up I went to sleep in spite of the wind, which now began to blow violently, accompanied by rain — and was so worn out that I did not rise, or almost awake, till one o'clock next day.

The morning was wet and windy; thick clouds covered the mountains which we had descended, and, as they lifted occasionally, I saw that heavy snow had fallen. In such weather, and being in a fatigued condition, it was quite sufficient to move from our exposed camp only two miles, to the *thana* of Dras, where there was the shelter of trees and of walls. The *thanadar* there spoke of the snow being forty feet deep in winter, though the height is little over ten thousand feet, and he seemed a highly respectable old officer. His quarters are detached some way from the large fort where the most of his troops are stationed; and I suppose these latter are not much needed now, unless for purposes of oppression. Dras is a dependency of Kashmir, being one of the provinces which have been added to it by Mohammedan force and Hindú fraud, which do not fail, in the long run, to break the shield of the mountaineers. This valley is sometimes called Himbad, or the "Source of Snow," — which must be a very suitable name for it, if that prodigious story about the forty feet of snow be true.

There remains, however, another pass to be crossed before we get into the valleys of even upper Kashmir. A very cold and wet day's journey took us up the Dras River to the miserable hamlet of Matáan, where, before getting out of my tent next morning, I learned that the Yarkand envoy could not be far off. I heard a loud voice crying out, *Caffé banao, cha banao* — "Make coffee, make tea," — followed by whack, whack, as the blows of a stick descended upon a man's back. This turned out to be the wuzer's wuzer, or the envoy's *avant-courier*, who was pushing on ahead of his patron, and preparing the way. Like many gentlemen's gentlemen, he was extremely indignant at the comforts of life not being ready for him. I do not believe that this miserable hamlet of Matáan could have turned out a cup of tea or coffee to save

the lives of all its inhabitants; and it seemed to me that the wuzeer's wuzeer administered the stick to the entire population of that unhappy village. When I came out of my tent, I had a momentary glimpse of a little man in something like a red dressing-gown, dancing furiously round a very big man, and hitting him with a long stick; but, on my appearance, he suddenly retired into his *dūli*. After that, on the six marches down to Srinagar, I never found myself clear of the retinue of the Yarkund envoy: for the whole road down was covered with men carrying his things; and tents, guarded by Kashmir soldiers, had been pitched for him at various places. There were said to be three thousand coolies employed in carrying up himself and the effects he had purchased in Europe. I cannot say as to the exact number; but really there seemed to be no end of them, and they came from all parts of Kashmir. They were to be met with at almost every turning, and in very various positions. At one moment I would find half-a-dozen of them resting to groan under the weight of a 24-pounder gun, wrapped in straw, while a sepoy of the Kashmir maharajah threatened them with his stick, or even with his sword; half-an-hour after another party of them were pulling down walnuts from some grand old tree, while some grand-looking old dame (for the Kashmir women who survive to old age have an aristocratic appearance, which would attract attention in the courts of Europe) was looking on the spoliation of her property, or on that of her grandchild, now with a melancholy dignity, which might have become the tragic muse, and anon with shrieks and imprecations which might have excited the envy of a mœnad. Again, I would come across three or four hundred of them at sundown, kneeling down at prayer, with their faces turned towards what was supposed to be the direction of Mecca, but which really was more in the direction of the north pole star than of anything else. At another time a party of them would halt as I came by, support their burdens on the short poles which they carried for that purpose, and some Hindusthani spokesman among them would say to me: "O Protector of the Poor!" (*Gurib Parwār*, pronounced *Guripur*), "you have been up among these snowy mountains — shall we ever see our house-rooms again?" They all had the same story as to their monetary position. Each

man had got five rupees (I do not know whether small *chilki*, Kashmir rupees, or British, but should fancy the former) in order to purchase rice for the journey; but their further expectations on the subject of pay were of the most desponding kind, and the only anxiety they showed was, not as to how they were to get back again, but as to whether it would be at all possible for them ever to get back again. I must have missed the Yarkand envoy himself about Ganderbahl, a day's march from Srinagar; but shortly before getting to Ganderbahl I came across three of his retinue, who puzzled me a little. It was very wet and very muddy, when I suddenly came across three riders in black European waterproofs, one of whom said to me — "Bones sore, Múshú?" After being for months up in the Himáliya, one is unaccustomed to being accosted in a European language; and the matter was complicated by the fact that my bones were sore at the time, and most confoundedly so, from the combined effect of that evening on the Omba La and of a fall. Hence it was that I had fairly passed the three curious riders before it at all occurred to my mind that the salutation was "*Bon soir, Monsieur*." They were doubtless Frenchified Turks, whom the envoy had brought from Constantinople; but they had scarcely any ground to expect that their peculiar French would be recognized, on the moment, in one of the upper valleys of Kashmir.

But I have not quite yet got into even the outskirts of the garden of Eden. The Zoji La had to be crossed; and though it is a very easy pass, and set down by the Trigonometrical Survey as only 11,300 feet high, yet I have heard, and suspect, that a mistake has been made there, and that nearly a thousand feet might have been added to it. Let Major Montgomerie's map be compared with the sheets of the Trigonometrical Survey on which it must be supposed to be based, and discrepancies will be found. The Trigonometrical Survey has achieved more than would allow of absolute accuracy in all its details; but considering the means at its command, it has done wonders. Still, though the Zoji Pass may be higher than it has been set down, yet it seems almost child's-play to the traveller from Zanskar and the Omba La. Though it seemed to me nothing after what I had gone through, yet this pass must have a formidable appearance to travellers coming upon it from below, judging from the following

description of it by Dr. Henderson, the ornithologist of the first of Sir Thomas Forsyth's missions to Yarkand :—

The road we had ascended was in many places rather trying to the nerves, being very steep, and sometimes consisting merely of a platform of brushwood attached to the face of the precipice. This road, owing to its steepness, is quite impassable for baggage-animals after a fall of snow, and it is then necessary to wait at Báltal until the snow has melted, or to follow the stream up a very narrow rocky gorge, with precipices of from five hundred to one thousand feet on either side. This gorge, however, is only practicable when filled up by snow to about fifty feet in depth, as it usually is early in the season: it is then the usual route; and at that season, in order to avoid the avalanches, it is necessary to start at night and get over the pass before sunrise. Avalanches do not fall until late in the day, after the sun begins to melt the snow. — "Lahore to Yarkand:" London, 1873.

I do not think the road has been improved since Dr. Henderson passed over it; and now that I think of it, I remember that there was something like the brushwood platforms of which he speaks. The great interest of it is that it leads suddenly down upon the beautiful wooded scenery of Kashmir. After months of the sterile, almost treeless Tibetan provinces, the contrast was very striking, and I could not but revel in the beauty and glory of the vegetation; but even to one who had come up upon it from below the scene would have been very striking. There was a large and lively encampment at the foot of the pass, with tents prepared for the Yarkand envoy and a number of Kashmir officers and soldiers; but I pushed on beyond that, and camped in solitude close to the Sind River, just beneath the Panjtarne valley, which leads up towards the caves of Amberneth, a celebrated place for Hindú pilgrimage. This place is called Báltal, but it has no human habitations. Smooth green meadows, carpet-like and embroidered with flowers, extended to the silvery stream, above which there was the most varied luxuriance of foliage, the lower mountains being most richly clothed with woods of many and beautiful colours. It was late autumn, and the trees were in their greatest variety of colour; but hardly a leaf seemed to have fallen. The dark green of the pines contrasted beautifully with the delicate orange of the birches, because there were intermingling tints of brown and saffron. Great masses of foliage were succeeded by sol-

itary pines, which had found a footing high up the precipitous crags.

And all this was combined with peaks and slopes of pure white snow. *Aiguilles* of dark rock rose out of beds of snow, but their faces were powdered with the same element. Glaciers and long beds of snow ran down the valleys, and the upper vegetation had snow for its bed. The effect of sunset upon this scene was wonderful; for the colours it displayed were both heightened and more harmoniously blended. The golden light of eve brought out the warm tints of the forest; but the glow of the reddish-brown precipices, and the rosy light upon the snowy slopes and peaks, were too soon succeeded by the cold grey of evening. At first, however, the wondrous scene was still visible in a quarter-moon's silvery light, in which the Panjtarne valley was in truth

A wild romantic chasm that slanted

Down the sweet hill athwart a cedarn cover —

A savage place, as holy and enchanted

As e'er beneath the waning moon was haunted

By woman wailing for her demon lover.

The demon lovers to be met with in that wild valley are bears, which are in abundance; and a more delightful place for a hunter to spend a month in could hardly be invented; but he would have to depend on his rifle for supplies, or have them sent up from many miles down the Sind valley.

The remainder of my journey down this latter valley to the great valley or small plain of Kashmir was delightful. A good deal of rain fell, but that made one appreciate the great trees all the more, for the rain was not continuous, and was mingled with sunshine. At times, during the season when I saw it, this "inland depth" is "roaring like the sea;"

While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers
tear

The lingering remnant of their yellow hair;

but soon after it is bathed in perfect peace and mellow sunlight. The air was soft and balmy; but, at this transfer from September to October, it was agreeably cool even to a traveller from the abodes and sources of snow. As we descended, the pine-forests were confined to the mountain-slopes; but the lofty deodar began to appear in the valley, as afterwards the sycamore, the elm, and the horse-chestnut. Round the pictur-

esque villages, and even forming considerable woods, there were fruit-trees — as the walnut, the chestnut, the peach, the apricot, the apple, and the pear. Large quantities of timber (said to be cut recklessly) was in course of being floated down the river; and where the path led across it there were curious wooden bridges for which it was not necessary to dismount. This Sind valley is about sixty miles long, and varies in breadth from a few hundred yards to about a mile, except at its base, where it opens out considerably. It is considered to afford the best idea of the mingled beauty and grandeur of Kashmir scenery; and when I passed through its appearance was greatly enhanced by the snow, which not only covered the mountain-tops, but also came down into the forests which clothed the mountain-sides. The path through it, being part of the great road from Kashmir to Central Asia, is kept in tolerable repair, and it is very rarely that the rider requires to dismount. Anything beyond a walking-pace, however, is for the most part out of the question. Montgomerie divides the journey from Srinagar to Báltal (where I camped below the Zoji La) into six marches, making in all sixty-seven miles; and though two of these marches may be done in one day, yet if you are to travel easily and enjoy the scenery, one a day is sufficient. The easiest double march is from Sonamarg to Gond, and I did it in a day with apparent ease on a very poor pony; but the consequence is that I beat my brains in vain in order to recall what sort of place Gond was, no distinct recollection of it having been left on my mind, except of a grove of large trees and a roaring fire in front of my tent at night. Sonamarg struck me as a very pleasant place; and I had there, in the person of a youthful captain from Abbotabad, the pleasure of meeting the first European I had seen since leaving Lahaul. We dined together, and I found he had come up from Srinagar to see Sonamarg, and he spoke with great enthusiasm of a view he had had, from another part of Kashmir, of the twenty-six thousand-feet mountain Nanga Parbat. *Marg* means a "meadow," and seems to be applied specially to elevated meadows; *sona* stands for "golden:" and this place is a favourite resort, in the hot malarious months of July and August, both for the Europeans in Kashmir, and for natives of rank. The village, being composed of four houses and three outlying ones, cannot produce much in the

way of either coolies or supplies. Its commercial ideas may be gathered from the fact that I was here asked seven rupees for a pound of tea which was nothing but the refuse of tea-chests mixed with all sorts of dirt. In the matter of coolies I was independent, for the *bigarries* who had taken my effects over the Zoji La were so afraid of being impressed for the service of the Yarkand envoy, that they had entreated me to engage them as far as Ganderbahl, near the capital, hoping that by the time they reached that place the fierce demand for coolies might have ceased.

At Ganderbahl I was fairly in the great valley of Kashmir, and encamped under some enormous *chúndr* or sycamore-trees; the girth of one was so great that its trunk kept my little mountain-tent quite sheltered from the furious blasts. Truly —

There was a roaring in the wind all night,
The rain fell heavily, and fell in floods;

but that gigantic *chúndr* kept off both wind and rain wonderfully. Next day a small but convenient and quaint Kashmir boat took me up to Srinagar; and it was delightful to glide up the backwaters of the Jhelam, which afforded a highway to the capital. It was the commencement and the promise of repose which I very seriously needed, and in a beautiful land.

At Srinagar, where I stayed for a fortnight, I was the guest of the resident, the amiable and accomplished Mr. Le Poer Wynne, whose early death has disappointed many bright hopes. I had thus every opportunity of seeing all that could be seen about the capital, and of making myself acquainted with the state of affairs in Kashmir. I afterwards went up to Islamabad, Martand, Achibal, Vernag, the Roslú valley, and finally went out of Kashmir by way of the Manas and Wular Lakes and the lower valley of the Jhelam, so that I saw the most interesting places in the country, and all the varieties of scenery which it affords. That country has been so often visited and described, that, with one or two exceptions, I shall only touch generally upon its characteristics. It doubtless owes some of its charm to the character of the regions in its neighbourhood. As compared with the burning plains of India, the sterile steppes of Tibet, and the savage mountains of the Himáliya and of Afghanistan, it presents an astonishing and beautiful contrast. After such scenes even a much more commonplace

country might have afforded a good deal of the enthusiasm which Kashmir has excited in Eastern poetry, and even in common rumour; but beyond that it has characteristics which give it a distinct place among the most pleasing regions of the earth. I said to the maharajah, or ruling prince of Kashmir, that the most beautiful countries I had seen were England, Italy, Japan, and Kashmir; and though he did not seem to like the remark much, probably from a fear that the beauty of the land he governed might make it too much an object of desire, yet there was no exaggeration in it. Here, at a height of nearly six thousand feet, in a temperate climate, with abundance of moisture, and yet protected by lofty mountains from the fierce continuous rains of the Indian south-west monsoon, we have the most splendid amphitheatre in the world. A flat oval valley about sixty miles long, and from forty in breadth, is surrounded by magnificent mountains, which, during the greater part of the year, are covered more than half-way down with snow, and present vast upland beds of pure white snow. This valley has fine lakes, is intersected with watercourses, and its land is covered with brilliant vegetation, including gigantic trees of the richest foliage. And out of this great central valley there rise innumerable, long, picturesque mountain-valleys, such as that of the Sind River, which I have just described; while above these there are great pine-forests, green slopes of grass, glaciers, and snow. Nothing could express the general effect better than Moore's famous lines on sainted Lebanon —

Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet;
While Summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

The great encircling walls of rock and snow contrast grandly with the soft beauty of the scene beneath. The snows have a wonderful effect as we look up to them through the leafy branches of the immense *chûndr*, elm, and poplar trees. They flash gloriously in the morning sunlight above the pink mist of the valley-plain; they have a rosy glow in the evening sunlight; and when the sunlight has departed, but ere darkness shrouds them, they gleam, afar off, with a cold and spectral light, as if they belonged to a region where man had never trod. The deep black gorges in the mountains have a mysterious look. The sun lights

up some softer grassy ravine or green slope, and then displays splintered rocks rising in the wildest confusion. Often long lines of white clouds lie along the line of mountain-summits, while at other times every white peak and precipice-wall is distinctly marked against the deep-blue sky. The valley-plain is especially striking in clear mornings and evenings, when it lies partly in golden sunlight, partly in the shadow of its great hills.

The green mosaic of the level land is intersected by many streams, canals, and lakes, or beautiful reaches of river which look like small lakes. The lakes have floating islands composed of vegetation. Besides the immense *chûndrs* and elms, and the long lines of stately poplars, great part of the plain is a garden filled with fruits and flowers, and there is almost constant verdure.

There eternal summer dwells,
And west winds, with musky wing,
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.

It is a pity that so beautiful a country should not have a finer population. At the entrances of the valleys, looking at the forests, the rich uncultivated lands, and the unused water-powers, I could not but think of the scenes in England,

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian
pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes *
glide.

My mind reverted also to the flashing snows of the American Sierra Nevada, the dwarf oaks and rich fields of wheat, the chubby children, the comely, well-dressed women, and the strong stalwart men of California. For, though the *châlets* were picturesque enough at a little distance, they could not bear a close examination; and there was not much satisfaction to be had in contemplating the half-starved, half-naked children, and the thin, worn-out looking women. One could not help thinking of the comfortable homes which an Anglo-Saxon population would rear in such a land.

The beauty of the Kashmir women has long been famous in the East, but if you want beautiful Kashmiris do not go to Kashmir to look for them. They have all fine eyes, and "the eyes of Kashmir" have been justly celebrated in Eastern poetry; but that is almost the only feminine attraction to be found in the country

* The Jhelam.

even among the dancing-girls and the boat-girls. As to the ordinary women, there is too much sad truth in Victor Jacquemont's outburst against them — "Know that I have never seen anywhere such hideous witches as in Kashmir. [He had not been in Tibet!] The female race is remarkably ugly. I speak of women of the common ranks — those one sees in the streets and fields — since those of a more elevated station pass all their lives shut up, and are never seen. It is true that all little girls who promise to turn out pretty are sold at eight years of age, and carried off into the Panjab and India." I am afraid a good deal of that traffic still goes on, notwithstanding the law which forbids women and mares to be taken out of the country; and as it has gone on for generations, it is easily explicable how the women of Kashmir should be so ugly. A continuous process of eliminating the pretty girls and leaving the ugly ones to continue the race must lower the standard of beauty. But the want of good condition strikes one more painfully in Kashmir than the want of beauty. The aquiline noses, long chins, and long faces of the women of Kashmir, would allow only of a peculiar and rather Jewish style of beauty; but even that is not brought out well by the state of their *physique*; and I don't suppose the most beautiful woman in the world would show to advantage if she were imperfectly washed and dressed in the ordinary feminine attire of Kashmir — a dirty, whitish cotton night-gown.

It is unfortunate for the reputation of Kashmir that a sudden death, not entirely free from suspicious circumstances, should have befallen three of our countrymen who had distinguished themselves by exposing the abuses existing in the country; and it is at least remarkable that suspicion on the subject should have been roused by the Kashmiris themselves — that is to say, by reports generally current in Srinagar. I allude to Lieutenant Thorpe, Dr. Elmslie, and Mr. Hayward. The first of these gentlemen had published a pamphlet entitled — "Kashmir Misgovernment;" and in November 1868, when almost all visitors except himself had left Kashmir for the season, he expired suddenly at Srinagar, after having walked up the Takht-i-Suliman, a hill which rises close to the city to the height of a thousand feet. Naturally the supposition was that he had been poisoned; but Surgeon Caley, who hap-

pened to be on his way down from Ladak, examined the body shortly after death, and reported that there had been "rupture of the heart." Dr. Elmslie was a devoted medical missionary, who did an immense deal of good in Kashmir, and had published a valuable vocabulary of the Kashmiri language; but he had also published letters complaining of the carelessness of the government in regard to a visitation of cholera which had carried off large numbers of the people, and pointing out that sanitary measures might save the lives of thousands every year from small-pox and other diseases. The Srinagar rumour was that his servants had been offered so much to poison him within the Kashmir territory, and so much more if they would do so after he got beyond. Unfortunately Dr. Elmslie also died rather suddenly shortly after he had got beyond the Kashmir borders, and, it seems, also of heart disease. Mr. Hayward had published letters in the Indian papers complaining of the conduct of the Kashmir troops in Gilgit, and on the borders of Yassin, and he somewhat injudiciously returned to that part of the world. But I do not attach any importance to the gossip of Eastern cities — or of any cities, for that matter; and there has appeared no ground to suppose that his death was planned by Kashmir officials, but what befel him was very sad. He was on his way to the Pamir Steppe, and somewhere about Yassin was in the territory of a chief who camped two hundred armed men in a wood near his tent. The next day's journey would have taken Hayward beyond this chief's border; and, suspecting mischief, he sat up all night writing with revolver in hand. Unfortunately, however, in the grey of the morning, he lay down to take half an hour's sleep before starting; and the chief with his people came down on him then, overpowered him, tied his hands behind his back and took him into the wood. Here, seeing preparations made for putting him to death, the unfortunate traveller offered a ransom for his life; but his captors would not hear of it. They made him kneel down, and, while he was offering up a prayer, they hacked off his head, after the half-hacking, half-sawing way they have of killing sheep in the Himáliya. How this story was gathered has been told in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, and tolerably correct accounts of such incidents get abroad in even the wildest parts of the East. The moral of it is that one

ought to avoid Yassin rather than that it is dangerous to abuse the Kashmir government; but it is no wonder that the three cases just mentioned should have given rise to suspicions when we consider the character of the people, and the powerful motives which the native officials have in preventing any outcry being raised against them.

Many hundred years ago the Chinese traveller Fa-Hian spoke of the people of Kashmir as being of a peculiarly bad character. Ranjit Singh said to Sir Alexander Burnes, "All the people I send into Kashmir turn out rascals (*haramzadda*); there is too much pleasure and enjoyment in that country." Moorcroft described them as "selfish, superstitious, ignorant, supple, intriguing, dishonest, and false." A more recent traveller, Dr. A. L. Adams, the naturalist, says of them, "Everywhere in Casmere you see the inhabitants indolent to a degree, filthy in their habits, mean, cowardly, shabby, irresolute, and indifferent to all ideas of reform or progress." Their name has become a byword throughout a great part of Asia. Even where there are so many deceitful nations they have obtained a bad pre-eminence. According to a well-known Persian saying, "You will never experience anything but sorrow and anxiety from the Kashmiri." When these people got this bad name is lost in antiquity, and so is the period when they first passed into the unfortunate circumstances which have demoralized them. They are, however, not unattractive, being an intellectual people, and characterized by great ingenuity and sprightliness. I cannot deny the truth of the accusations brought against them, yet I could not but pity them and sympathize with them. I think also that they have the elements of what, in more fortunate circumstances, might be a very fine character; but dwelling in a fertile and beautiful valley, surrounded by hardy and warlike tribes, they have for ages been subject to that oppression which destroys national hope and virtue. Their population has hardly been large enough to afford effectual resistance to the opposing forces, though, unless there had been a large element of weakness in their character, they might surely have held their passes; and, at the same time, they were too many in numbers to retire, for a time, before invaders, from their fertile lands into their mountain-fastnesses. As it is, they are abominably used and they use each other abominably. It seemed to me that every

common soldier of the maharajah of Kashmir felt himself entitled to beat and plunder the country people; but I noticed that my boatmen tried to do the same when they thought they were unobserved by me. The maharajah himself holds an open court on one day every week, at which the meanest peasant is nominally free to make his complaint, even if it be against the highest officials; but I was told, by very good authority, that this source of redress was practically inoperative, not because the maharajah was unwilling to do justice, but because there was such a system of terrorism that the common people dared not come forward to complain. Great improvements have already been made under the present ruler of Kashmir; but he is one man among many, and when a corrupt and oppressive officialdom has existed in a country for ages, it cannot be rooted out in one reign.

Our position in Kashmir is a very curious one, and reflects little credit upon the British name. By the Treaty of Amritsar, concluded in 1846 after the first Panjab war, we actually sold the country to Golas Singh, the father of the present maharajah, for seventy-five lacs of rupees, or rather less than three-quarters of a million sterling; but so little welcome was he, that the first troops he sent up were driven out of the country, and he was enabled to establish himself in it only by claiming the assistance of the Indian government, and getting from it an order that the existing governor was to yield obedience to the new sovereign, or to consider himself an enemy of the British government. No doubt we wanted the money very much at the time, miserable sum as it was, and only double the revenue which Ranjit Singh drew in one year from Kashmir. It is possible, too, that there may have been some policy in thus making a friend of one of the chiefs of the Khalsa; but the transaction was not an advisable one. Of all India and its adjacent countries Kashmir is the district best suited for Europeans, and it affords large room for English colonization. It has now a population of about half a million; but it had formerly one of four millions, and it could easily support that number. It has an immense amount of fertile land lying waste in all the valleys, and it would have been just the place for the retirement of Anglo-Indians at the close of their periods of service. As it is, Kashmir is practically closed to us except as a place of resort for a few sum-

mer visitors. Probably the visitors would be a good deal worse off than they are at present if it were under British rule; but that is not a matter of much importance. The maharajah acknowledges the supremacy of the British government, and yet no Englishman can settle in the country or purchase a foot of land in it. We are not even allowed to stay there through the winter; for a recent relaxation of this rule has been much misunderstood, and simply amounts to a permission for British officers, who cannot get leave in summer, to visit Kashmir in winter. Visitors have to leave the country about the middle of October, and the Panjab government has issued very strict rules for their guidance while they are in the valley. After mentioning the four authorized routes for European visitors to Kashmir, the first rule goes on to say (the italics are its own): "*All other roads are positively forbidden*"; and, in respect to the direct road from Jummoo (known as the Bunnihál route), the prohibition has been ordered at the special request of his Highness the maharajah. The road branching from Rajáoree by Aknoor, which is used by the maharajah's family and troops, is also expressly prohibited." Now this Jamú and Banihal route is by much the shortest and much the easiest route to Kashmir except for the small section of visitors who come from that part of the Panjab which lies to the west of the Jhelam; and yet it is kept closed, at the maharajah's special request, though another route is set apart for the movements between Srinagar and Jamú of his family and troops! In fact, by this order, in order to get a tolerable route, the traveller has to cross great part of the Panjab and go up by Rawal Pindi and Mari, for neither the Pir Panjal nor the Punah routes are convenient. In Rule II. we are told that every officer about to visit Kashmir "should engage, before proceeding, a sufficient number of ponies or mules for the conveyance of his baggage;" which is tantamount to saying that no one need put in a claim for getting any coolies, ponies, or mules, by the way. In Rule VI. they are told to encamp only at the fixed stages and encamping-grounds. In Rule X. it is said that "when going out on shooting-excursions, visitors are to take carriages and supplies with them." Rule XV. is amusing, considering the high moral tone of the British subaltern: "Officers are not allowed to take away with them, either in their service, or with their camps, any

subjects of the maharajah, without obtaining permission and a passport from the authorities." I have heard of one visitor who tried to take away a Kashmiri damsel by putting her in a *kilta*, or wicker-basket used for carrying loads in, but the smuggling was detected. This rule does not prevent the bagnios all over India being filled with Kashmiri women; and a regular slave-traffic goes on, most of the good-looking girls being taken out of Kashmir at an early age; but, of course, the morals of the British officer must be looked after. He is also by Rule XVI. made responsible for the debts incurred by his servants, which is rather hard, as most Indians make a rule of getting into debt up to the full amount of their credit. In Rule XVII., all visitors are told, in italics, "All presents to be refused. Presents of every description must be rigidly refused." This certainly is interfering in an extraordinary way with the liberty of the subject; but let the visitor beware how he violates any of these rules, because the resident of Srinagar has the power of expelling him from the country. It is the Panjab, not the supreme government, which is directly responsible for these extraordinary regulations; and I dare say English people will be rather surprised by them. The maharajah of Kashmir is called in them "an independent sovereign;" but it is distinctly stated in Article X. of the treaty which gave him his dominions, that he "acknowledges the supremacy of the British government." Can the Panjab government not understand that when the power of England guarantees the safety of the maharajah and of his dominions, it is not for British officials to treat British visitors to Kashmir in so derogatory a manner, or to allow of their being turned out of the country every winter, and refused permission to purchase even waste land? This is only one of many subjects which may render it necessary to raise the questions,—In whose interest, on whose authority, and supported by what power, does Anglo-Indian officialdom exist? The imperial interests of Great Britain have been too much lost sight of, and it is on these that the real, the vital interests of the people of India depend.

The resident procured me a private audience of the maharajah Ranbir or Runbir Singh, which was given in a balcony, overhanging the river, of his city palace, within the precincts of which there is a temple with a large pagoda-like

roof that is covered with thin plates of pure gold. His Highness is reputed to be somewhat serious and bigoted as regards his religion. It was mentioned in the Indian papers a few years ago, that the Brahmins having discovered that the soul of his father, Golab Singh, had migrated into the body of a fish, Ranbir Singh gave orders that no fish were to be killed in Kashmir, though fish is there one of the great staple articles of food among the poorer classes. The edict, however, was calculated to cause so much distress, that the Brahmins soon announced that the paternal spirit had taken some other form. I never heard this story contradicted; and it affords a curious instance of the reality of the belief in transmigration which exists in India. As the character of these transmigrations, and the amount of suffering and enjoyment which they involve, is considered to depend on the good or evil conduct of preceding lives, and especially of those which are passed in a human form, such a belief would be calculated to exercise an important influence for good, were it not for the sacrificial theory which attaches so much importance, as good works, to sacrifices to the gods, and to gifts to their priestly ministers; and its beneficial effect is also lessened by the tendency of the Indian mind to assign an undue value to indiscriminate acts of charity such as often do harm rather than good. It is curious to think of a maharajah looking from his balcony beside his golden temple into the waters of the Jhelam, and wondering whether his royal father is one of the big or of the little fishes floating about in its stream or in some adjacent water.

Some visitors to Kashmir have blamed its ruler severely for the condition of the country — as, for instance, Dr. Adams, who says: "It is vain, however, to hope that there can be any progress under the present ruler, who, like his father, is bent on self-aggrandizement."* This, however, is entirely opposed to the substance of many conversations I had on the subject with Mr. Wynne, who seemed to regard his Highness as one of the very few honest men there were in the country, sincerely anxious for the welfare of its inhabitants; and he mentioned to me various circumstances which supported that conclusion. Without going beyond diplomatic reserve, he said it was only to

be hoped that the maharajah's sons would follow their father's example. I do not profess to see into a millstone farther than other people, but may say that the little I saw of this prince conveyed a superficial impression quite in accordance with Mr. Wynne's opinion. He seemed an earnest, over-burdened man, seriously anxious to fulfil the duties of his high position, and heavily weighed down by them; but it can easily be conceived how little he can do in a country which has been for time immemorial in so wretched a state, and how much reason he may have for wishing that he were expiating his shortcomings in the form of a fish. And it should not be forgotten that this prince was faithful to us, and in a very useful manner, at the time of the great Indian mutiny; for he sent six battalions of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and a battery of guns, to assist us at the siege of Delhi; and, by this, considerable moral support was afforded at the moment to the British Raj. I met, going down the Jhelam, a Kashmir regiment which had been at the siege of Delhi, and the officer in command spoke with some pride, but by no means in a boasting or offensive way, of his having fought along with English troops.

Among the improvements introduced by Ranbir Singh are those in the administration of justice and the manufacture of silk. The chief justice of the court of Srinagar is an educated native, I think from Bengal, who was well spoken of — and, absurdly enough, is in charge of the silk-department also. He has been at pains to make himself acquainted with the breeding of silk-worms and the spinning of their cocoons, as pursued in other countries, and has turned this knowledge to good account in Srinagar. One pleasing and extraordinary innovation which he has been able to introduce is that of inducing children and others of the Brahmin caste to engage in the spinning of silk. Anything like such an occupation has hitherto been considered as degrading and forbidden to Brahmins, and has not been entered on by those even in such advanced Indian cities as Calcutta and Bombay. It shows a curious way of managing matters that the chief justice of Srinagar should also be the head of the silk-department; but such is, or at least very lately was, the case; and under his management sericulture has been improved and developed. In 1871, the maharajah set apart £30,000 for the development of this branch of industry, and

* *Wanderings of a Naturalist in India.* By A. L. Adams, M.D. Edinburgh: 1867. P. 296.

part of the sum was expended on the construction of buildings in which an equal temperature could be maintained for the silk-worms. I saw the process of extracting and winding the silk in the factory beside Srinagar: it was skilfully conducted, and the threads produced were remarkably fine and perfect. The mulberry-trees of Kashmir have hitherto enjoyed exemption from disease and injury from insects, so that the prospects of this production are very good, and a commencement has been made in weaving the silk into cloth. The whole production is a monopoly of government; but it gives increasing employment to a considerable number of persons, on what, for Kashmir, are good wages. In 1872 the amount of dry cocoons produced amounted to 57,600 lb., and the resulting revenue was estimated at 124,000 *chilki* rupees, a portion of it, however, being required for the improvements which were made.

The famous shawls of Kashmir are now somewhat at a discount in the world, except in France, where they still form a portion of almost every bride's *trousseau*, and where, at least in novels, every lady of the *demi-monde* is described as wrapped in *un vrai Cachemere*, and wearing a pair of Turkish slippers. France alone takes about eighty per cent. of the Kashmir shawls exported from Asia; the United States of America take ten, Italy five, Russia two, and Great Britain and Germany only one per cent. each. Of course the late war almost entirely destroyed the shawl-trade, but it has for the time being returned to its former state; and, at the period of collapse, the maharajah humanely made enormous purchases on his own account. The revenue from this source has diminished to at least half what it was some years ago; but still a superior-woven shawl will bring, even in Kashmir, as much as £300 sterling; and about £130,000 worth of shawls is annually exported, £90,000 worth going to Europe. The finest of the goat's wool employed in this manufacture comes from Turfán, in the Yarkand territory; and it is only on the wind-swept steppes of Central Asia that animals are found to produce so fine a wool. The shawl-weavers get miserable wages, and are allowed neither to leave Kashmir nor change their employment, so that they are nearly in the position of slaves; and their average wage is only about three halfpence a day.

Srinagar itself has a very fine appear-

ance when one does not look closely into its details. As the Kashmiri has been called the Neapolitan of the East, so his capital has been compared to Florence, and his great river to the Arno. But there is no European town which has such a fine placid sweep of river through it. The capital dates from 59 A.D., and portions of it might be set down to any conceivable date. For the most part the houses either rise up from the Jhelam or from the canals with which the city is intersected, and are chiefly of thin brick walls supported in wooden frames. Being often three storeys high, and in a most ruinous condition, the walls present anything but straight lines, and it is a marvel that many of the houses continue standing at all. Some of the canals present deliciously picturesque scenes, such as even Venice cannot boast of, and the view from any of the five bridges across the Jhelam is very striking; but, as remarked, it is better to leave the interior unvisited beyond floating through the canals. The British residency, and the bungalows provided free of charge for European visitors, are above the city, on the right bank of the river, which here presents a noble appearance, and in a splendid line of poplar-trees. A wooded island opposite them adds to the beauty of the scene. Almost every place about Srinagar that one wants to go to can be reached by boat, and the wearied traveller may enjoy a delicious repose.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE MARRIAGE OF MOIRA FERGUS.

CHAPTER VI.

HABET!

ABOUT one o'clock of the day on which Moira Fergus was married, her father returned home from the curing-house for his dinner. He was surprised to find no one inside the small cottage. There were the usual preparations, certainly—a loaf of bread and a jug of milk on the side table, and the big black pot hung high over the smouldering peats. He was angry that she should not be there; but he had no thought of what had occurred.

In a sullen mood he proceeded to get for himself his dinner. He lowered the black pot and raked up the peats; then, when the steam began to rise, he

helped himself, and sate down to the small table. Moira should pay for this.

But by-and-by, as the time passed, and there was no Moira, he began to be suspicious; and he had not well finished his dinner when he started off, with a dark look on his face, for the cottage in which Angus M'Eachran lived. There was an old woman there who acted in some measure the part of cook and housekeeper for Angus—a bent, shrivelled old woman, more sulky even than John Fergus himself.

"Is Angus M'Eachran in the house?" said he, in the Gaelic.

"And it is a foolish man you are to ask such a question!" the old woman said. "As if a young man will be in the house in the middle of the day, when all the young men will be at the fishing."

With a petulant oath, Fergus went past her and walked into the cottage. There was no one inside.

Then, with his suspicions growing momentarily stronger, he walked away from Ardtilleach, until, at one point of the coast, he reached the school which did service for the whole of the island. He went inside and spoke to the schoolmaster, Alister Lewis; and Moira's younger sisters were called aside and questioned. They knew nothing of her.

Then he went back to Ardtilleach, and by this time there was a great commotion in the village, for it was known that Moira Fergus could not be found, and that her father was seeking everywhere for her. The old women came out of the hovels, and the old men came in from the potato-fields, and the small children listened, wondering, but understanding nothing.

"Ay, ay, it iss a ferry angry man he iss, and the young lass will hef many a hard word from him; and if she will go away, what iss the reason of it that she should not go away?" said one.

"Ay, ay," said one old man, coming up with an armful of smoke-saturated roofing, which he was about to carry to one of the small fields, "and iss it known that Angus M'Eachran will not go out with the poat this morning, and young Tonald Neil he will go out with the poat, and that wass what I will see myself when I wass coming from Harrabost."

This was news indeed, and it was made the basis of a thousand conjectures. Moira Fergus and Angus M'Eachran had gone away from Darroch, and caught up one of the schooners making for the Lewis. They were on their way to Stor-

noway; and from Stornoway they would go to Glasgow or America; and John Fergus would see his daughter Moira no more.

When John Fergus made his appearance these gossipers were silent, for there was anger on his face, and they feared him.

"You hef not seen Moira?" said he.

"No," answered one and all.

"Hef you seen Angus M'Eachran then?"

"This iss what I will tell you, John Fergus," said the old man, who had laid down his bundle of black straw. "It wass Tonald Neal he will be for going out this morning in the poat, and Angus M'Eachran he wass not in the poat, and it iss many a one will say now that if Angus M'Eachran and Moira hef gone away to Styornoway——"

"They hef not gone to Styornoway!" exclaimed Fergus. "It iss a fool that you are, Peter Taggart, to speak of Styornoway!"

But at this moment the group of idlers was moved by a new surprise; for who should appear at the farther end of the village than the daughter of Mr. Mackenzie, the king of the far island of Borva, and she was coming along on horseback, with her husband, a tall young Englishman, by her side. What could this wonderful portent mean? Were they on their way to visit Alister Lewis, the schoolmaster, who was a clever man and a travelled man, and had been to Stornoway, and Glasgow, and other distant places?

They saw her, while as yet she was some distance off, dismount from the horse, and then her husband led the animal until he found a post to which he tied the bridle. Then these two came along together, and the village people thought she resembled a queen, and had the dress of a queen, and the air of a queen.

"And where is the house of John Fergus?" said she, when she came up, to an old woman.

The old woman was rather taken aback by this great honour, and she hurriedly dropped a curtsy, and exclaimed,—

"Ay, iss it John Fergus? And here is John Fergus himself!"

Moira's father was standing apart, with sullen brows. He had a dim suspicion that this unexpected visit had something to do with the disappearance of his daughter.

"Mr. Fergus," said She'la, going forward to him, and speaking to him in a

low voice, "I am going to ask you to be a kind man and a reasonable man this day. And it is a very simple thing I hef to tell you. It was last week that Mr. MacDonald, the minister, came to Borva, and he was saying that Angus M'Eachran and your daughter Moira, they would like to be married, and that you were against it —"

"Iss it against it you will say?" he broke in, fiercely. "I would like to see —"

"Let me speak to you, Mr. Fergus," said the young lady gently. "Well, Angus and Moira did not see any use in waiting, for they knew you would never consent, and I believe they had determined to run away from Darroch and go to Glasgow —"

"And hef they gone to Glasgow?" demanded Fergus, in a voice that was heard even by the neighbours, who had remained at a respectful distance.

"No, they hef not. The minister thought, and I thought, that would be a very bad thing. I said you were a reasonable man, Mr. Fergus, and I would go to you to speak with you, and you would listen to it, and you would understand that a young girl does no wrong in thinking of getting married —"

"Where iss Moira?" said he, suddenly. "You — you hef taken her away — ay, that iss it — it iss a ferry grand laty you are, but if you hef taken away Moira Fergus —"

"Mr. Fergus," said Sheila's husband, stepping forward, "I'd strongly advise you to be a little more civil."

"And you!" said he, turning fiercely on this new assailant, "what iss it to you that I will hef command ofer my own house? And what iss it to you to come and touch such things? And I say to you, where iss Moira?"

Mr. Lavender would have replied, and, doubtless, with injudicious vehemence, but Sheila interposed.

"I will tell you where she is, Mr. Fergus," she said, quietly. "Now you will be a reasonable man, and you will see how it is better to make the best of what is done; and Moira is a good lass, and — and — she is coming now to Ardtileach, and Angus too, and it was over at Mr. MacDonald's manse to-day they were — and you will be a reasonable man, Mr. Fergus —"

"At the manse!" he cried, seeing the whole thing. "And they were married?"

"Well, yes, indeed, Mr. Fergus —"

At this confirmation of his suspicions

his rage became quite uncontrollable, and he suddenly broke upon Sheila with a flood of vituperation in Gaelic. Her husband could not understand a word, but he saw the girl retreat a step, with her face pale.

He sprang forward.

"Speak English, you hound, or I'll kick you down to the shore and back again!" he cried.

"Iss it English!" Fergus shouted in his rage. "Iss it English! Ay, it iss the English thieves coming about the islands to steal when the door is left open! And it iss you, Sheila Mackenzie, it iss you that will answer for this —"

In his ungovernable passion he had raised his clenched fist in the air, and inadvertently he advanced a step. Probably he had not the least intention in the world of striking Sheila, but the threatening gesture was quite enough for her husband; so that, quick as lightning, he dealt John Fergus a blow right on the forehead which sent him staggering backward until he tripped and fell heavily. There was a scream from the old women, who came running forward to the prostrate man. Mr. Lavender turned to his wife, his face a trifle pale.

"Are your nerves fluttered, Sheila?" he said. "Come over to this bench here, and sit down. Will you have a drop of whiskey?"

Sheila was indeed trembling; she suffered herself to be led to the wooden bench, and there she sate down.

"Have you hurt him?" she said, in a low voice.

"Certainly," said he. "I have hurt him, and my own knuckles as well. But he'll come to, all right. Don't you mind him."

Mr. Lavender walked back to the group of people. John Fergus was sitting up in the middle of the road, looking considerably dazed.

"Here, some of you folks, get me a drop of whiskey, and a clean glass, and some water."

The request was attended to at once.

"Well, John Fergus," said Mr. Lavender, "you'll keep a more civil tongue in your head next time I pay you a visit."

He went back to his wife and prevailed on her to take a little whiskey and water to steady her nerves.

"It is a bad thing you hef done," she said, sadly. "He will never forgive them now."

"He never would have forgiven them,"

replied the husband. "I saw that at once. Your appeals were only making him more frantic. Besides, do you think I would allow, in any case, a cantankerous old fool like that to swear at you in his beast of a language?"

"And what shall we do now?"

"Why, go back again—that's all. We shall meet the younger folks on the road."

"We cannot go away till you see how John Fergus is."

"Oh, John Fergus is right enough—see, there he goes, slinking off to one of the cottages, probably his own. A little rest will do him good, and let his temper cool. Now, Sheila, pull yourself together; you've got to entertain a distinguished guest on board the yacht this evening, and we must not lose time."

Sheila rose and took her husband's arm. As they walked along to the post where the horse was tied, the villagers came up to them, and more than one said,—

"Ay, ay, sir, it wass ferry well done, and a ferry goot thing whateffer, that you will teach John Fergus to keep a civil tongue, and he is a ferry coorse man, and no one will dare to say anything to him. Ay, and to think that he would speak like that to Miss Sheila Mackenzie—it wass well done, ay, and ferry well done."

"But he is not hurt?" Sheila said.

"Well, he iss hurt, ay, and he iss not hurt; but he will be going to lie down, and when he gets up again, then there will be nothing; but he iss ferry wake on the legs, and there iss no more anger in his speech—no, there will be no more anger now for the rest of this day whateffer."

So Mr. and Mrs. Lavender went away from Ardtilleach, the latter rather downhearted over the failure of her enterprise, the former endeavouring to convince her that that might have been expected, and that no great harm had been done. Indeed, when in crossing the lonely moorland road, they saw Angus M'Eachran and Moira Fergus at a great distance, coming toward them, Sheila "lifted up her voice and wept," and it was in vain that her husband tried to comfort her. She dismounted from the saddle, and sate down on a block of silver-grey granite by the roadside, to await Moira's coming; and, when the young Highland girl came up, she could scarcely speak to her. Moira was infinitely perturbed to see this great lady grieved because of her,

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and, when she heard all that had happened, she said, sadly,—

"But that iss what I hef expected, and there wass no other thing that I hef expected. If there wass any chance of getting a smooth word from my father, do you think, Mrs. Laffenter, that Angus M'Eachran and me we would be for going away to Glassgow?"

"It is a bad home-coming after the wedding that you will hef," said her friend.

"Yes, indeed, but we hef looked for that; and it iss a great thing you hef done for us, Mrs. Laffenter, in coming all the way from Borva to the wedding; but we will not forget that; and it will be remembered in the island for many a day. And now you will be going on to the manse, Mrs. Laffenter."

"Moira," said her friend, "we are going away to London in a day or two now, and I would like to hef a word from you, and you or Angus will send me a letter, to tell me what is going on in Darroch."

"Indeed, yes," said Angus, "and they will know you ferry well in London if we send the letter, or iss there more ass one of the same name in London?"

"You must have the address," said Mr. Lavender, getting out a card.

He looked at the card as if it were some strange talisman; then he put it in his pocket; there was a little hand-shaking, and the bride and bridegroom went on their way.

"Moira!" Mrs. Lavender called out, suddenly.

The girl turned and came back; she was met half-way by her friend, who had a great sympathy and sadness in her eyes.

"It is ferry sorry for you I am this day," said Sheila, in a low voice, "and there is not anything I would not do to hef got for you a better home-coming. And you will speak to your father, Moira—not now, when he is in his anger—but afterwards, and perhaps he will see that what is done is done, and he will be friends with you."

"I will try that, Mrs. Laffenter," said the girl.

"And you will send me a letter to London?"

"Oh, ay, I will send you the letter to London, and it will be a proud day for me the day that I will send you a letter and you will not say a word of it to any one, Mrs. Laffenter, if there iss not the

ferry goot English in the letter, for it iss Angus he can write the goot English petter ass me."

"Your English will be good enough, Moira," said her friend. "Good-bye."

So again they parted; and that was the last these two saw of each other for many long days and months.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST CLOUD.

It was well on in the afternoon when Angus M'Eachran and his young wife reached Ardtilleach; and by that time one or two of the boats had come in from the ling-fishing; so that there were a good many people about. And there was a great commotion in the place over the news of what had happened—a commotion such as had not shaken Ardtilleach since the foundering of the French schooner on Harrabost Head. Moreover, two or three of the young fellows took solemn oath in the Gaelic that they would not allow Angus M'Eachran's wedding to pass over without a dance and a dram, whatever was thought of it by John Fergus, who remained sullen, sour, and ashamed in his own home.

There was a great deal of hand-shaking when the bride and bridegroom arrived; and many were the good wishes expressed by the old women about the future of Moira. The young girl was grateful; but her eyes kept wandering about the place, apparently seeking for her father.

There was no time to organize a great entertainment, as was done when Alistair Lewis, the schoolmaster, married Ailasa MacDonald, a young lass from Killeena; but one of the curers—the very curer, indeed, who was John Fergus's master—came forward in a handsome manner, and said that if two or three of the young fellows would begin and roll some barrels aside, he would tender the use of his curing-house, so that some frugal supper and a dance might be possible. This was done in due time, and Angus's companions set to work to hold some little feast in his honour. One went away, declaring that he would himself, as sure as he was a living man, bring six gallons of whiskey to the curing-house. Another, a famous musician, went off for his fiddle. Another declared that it would be a shame, and a very great shame, if Alistair Lewis were not told of the approaching celebration, and immediately set out for the schoolhouse. Then the boys about obtained permission from old Donald

Neil to gather the potato-shaws of his field, and these they brought to the point of the shore outside the curing-house, so that, when night came, a mighty bonfire and beacon should tell even the ships out at sea that great doings were going on on land.

Angus M'Eachran was very proud of all this, and very glad to be among his own people again. The ceremony over there at the Free Church manse had rather frightened him; now he felt at home; and, having drunk a glass or two, he was as anxious for a dance as any one. But with Moira the case was very different. Of all the crowd, she was the only one who was anxious, sad, and preoccupied. She had none of the quick laughter of a bride.

"Ay, and what iss the matter with you, Moira?" said her husband.

"There iss nothing the matter with me, Angus," she replied; but the wistful and anxious look did not depart from her face.

Well, there was not much of a supper that night, and, indeed, many did not go into the curing-house at all, but remained outside, where dancing had already begun on a rocky plateau, covered with short sea-grass. It was a lovely night—the wonderful glow of the northern twilight shining over the dark heavens, and the stars gradually becoming more distinct on the smooth surface of the sea. There was a fresher air out here on the rocks than in the heated curing-house, and the whiskey was as good outside as in.

Then a great shout arose, for the boys had put a light to the bonfire, and presently the long, lithe tongues of fire began to leap up, while the young men took to performing feats of jumping through the flames. In the excitement of the moment the curer, who had had a glass, became reckless, and ordered the boys to bring a heap of driftwood from the curing-house. Then, indeed, there was a bonfire—such a bonfire as the shores of Darroch and Killeena had never seen before. There was a great noise and confusion, of course, friend calling to friend, and the old women trying to prevent the boys from springing through the flames.

In the midst of all this noise Moira slipped away from the side of her husband. She had been inside the curing-house, and there her health and the health of her husband had been loyally drunk, and she had gone round the whole

company, shaking hands with each, while she said "Shlainte!" and put her lips to the whiskey. The cry of "The fire!" of course called every one out, and in the crowd she was separated from her husband. She seized this opportunity.

The great red glare was shining athwart the hollows in the rocks, and even lighting up palely the fronts of the cottages of Ardtilleach, so that she had not much fear for her footing as she passed over to the road. There seemed to be no one left in Ardtilleach. There was not a sound to be heard — nothing but the distant voices of the people calling to each other round the bonfire. All the fishermen, and the young women, and the old folks, and the children had gone out to the point.

Moira went rapidly along the cottages till she came to her father's, her heart beating hurriedly. When she reached the door a cry of fright had nearly escaped her, for there was her father — his face partly lit up by the reflection of the red light — sternly regarding her. He did not move to let her pass into the house. He did not say a word to her; he only looked at her as if she were a dog, a boat, a piece of stone. Rather than this terrible reception, she would have had him break out into a fury of rage.

She was not prepared for it; and after the first wild look of entreaty, she turned her eyes to the ground, and stood there, trembling and speechless.

"Hef you no word for me?" she said at length.

"None!" he answered.

He seemed to be regarding the distant bonfire, its long shoots of flame into the black night, and the alternate dusky and red figures moving round it.

"It wass many a time," she began, in desperation, hoping to make some excuse; "it wass many a time, I will say to you —"

"Do you hear what I hef told you?" said he, fiercely. "I hef no word to speak to you — no, not if you wass to lif in Ardtilleach for sixty years. To-morrow you will be to me as if you wass dead; to-morrow, and the next day, and all the years after that. You hef gone away; ay, and you shall stay away, Moira Fergus! I hef no more speaking for you, nor for Angus M'Eachran; and it iss a foolish man Angus M'Eachran will be if he comes near me or my house."

"Father — only this —"

"I tell you, Moira Fergus, to go away;

or, by Kott, I will tek you, and I will trag you out to the curing-house, and put you among your trunken frients! That iss what I will do, by Kott!"

His vehemence frightened her; she went back a step, and then she looked at him. He turned and went inside the cottage. Then there was nothing for the girl but to go back to her friends, whose shouts still resounded through the silence of the night.

"Ay, and where hef you been, Moira?" her husband said, he alone having noticed her absence.

"I wass down to my father's house," she answered, sadly.

"And what will he say to you?"

"He hass no word for me. To-morrow, and the next day, and all the time after that, I will be just as one that iss dead to him; ay, ay, sure enough."

"And what of that?" her husband said. "Tit you not know that before? And what iss the harm of it? It iss a ferry goot thing indeed and mirover that you will be away from a coorse man, that wass ferry terrible to you and to all his neighbours. And it iss ferry little you hef to complain about, Moira; and now you will come and hef a tance."

"It iss not any tance I will be thinking about," said the girl.

He became a little impatient.

"In the name of Kott, what iss it you will want, Moira! It iss a strange thing to hef a young lass going about ferry sorrowful on the tay of her wedding. And it iss many a one will say that you are not ferry glad of the wedding."

That was true enough. It was remarked that, whereas everybody was ready for a dance and a song, only Moira seemed to care nothing for the dance and the song. But the old women knew the reason of it; and one said to the other —

"Ay, ay, it iss a hard thing for a young lass to go away from her own home to get marriet, and it iss ferry strange she will be for a time, and then she will heed that no more. But Moira Fergus, it iss ferry pad for Moira Fergus that her father iss a coorse and a wild man, and she will hef no chance of being frients with him any more; and the young lass — well, she is a young lass — and that will trouple a young lass, indeed and mirover."

But these shrewd experiences had no hold of Angus M'Eachran. His quick Celtic temperament resented the affront put upon him, on his very wedding-day, by the girl whom he had married. The

neighbours saw she was anything but glad; and the young man had it in his heart to say, "Moira, if you are sorry for the wedding, I am too; and sorrier still that I cannot go and have it undone." He moved away from her.

By this time the tumult round the bonfire had subsided, for now nothing but smouldering ashes were left, and the people had formed again into dancing groups, and talking groups, and drinking groups—perhaps the first two ought to be included in the third. Angus M'Eachran would not dance at all; but he had recovered his temper, and once or twice he went and said a friendly word to Moira, who was standing with some of the old women looking on at the reels. But what had fired this other young fellow to call out:—

"Hey! there iss one man not here this day, and, by Kott, he ought to be here this day. And he iss a foolish man and a madman that will stay at home when his own daughter is being married!"

"Ay, ay!" said two or three.

"And this iss what I say," continued the fisherman, who had evidently had a glass. "I am going ofer to John Fergus's house!"

"Ay, and me too," responded one or two of his companions.

"And we will hef a joke with him," cried one.

"Ay, ay, and we will hef him out!" cried another.

"We will put a light to his thatch!" cried a third. "And you will see if John Fergus will not come out to his daughter's wedding!"

At this, Moira darted forward before them.

"If there iss one of you," she said in an excited way, "if there iss one of you will go near to my father's house this night, this iss what I will do—I will go and jump ofer the rock there into the water."

"Ay, ay," said her husband, coming forward gloomily, "it iss no use the having a joke with John Fergus. Let John Fergus alone. If he will not come out to his daughter's wedding, that is nothing to any one—it iss a ferry goot thing there are others that hef come to the wedding, and ass for John Fergus he will be ferry welcome to stay at home this night, or the next night, or the next sife hundred years, and tam him!"

So that matter passed over, and the merrymaking was resumed—the fiddler

having illimitable calls on him, and the very oldest determined to show that they had not altogether lost the use of toe and heel. There was no lack of whiskey; and altogether the improvised entertainment in honour of the wedding of Moira Fergus became a notable and memorable thing. But there were two or three present who remarked that Moira looked very sorrowful; and that Angus M'Eachran was not so well pleased with her as a husband should be with his newly-married wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INTERMEDDLER.

JOHN FERGUS kept his word: his daughter was as one dead to him. When he passed her in the village, he had neither look nor speech for her; and then she went home with a heavy heart. At first her husband tried to reason with her about her unavailing silence and sadness; but he soon got tired of that, and impatient, and glad to be out with his companions in the boat, or on the beach, where a laugh and a joke was possible.

"What in the name of Kott, iss the use of it, Moira?" he would say to her, when he was near losing his temper. "Hef you not knowna all along that your father, John Fergus, would hef no word for you, if you wass to go and get married? Hef I not told you that? And it wass many a time you will say to me, 'Angus, I cannot stay longer in the house with my father;' and then I hef said to you, 'Moira, it will be a ferry tiferent thing when you hef a house to yourself, and you will be the mistress of the house and no one will speak a coorse word to you.' And now you hef no more thought of that—you hef no more thought of anything but your father—and this iss what I will say to you, Moira, that no man hass the patience with a wife who iss discontented from the morning to the night, and it iss many's the time I hef wished you could go back to your father—and tam him!"

In due course of time, and in fulfilment of her promise, Moira sate down one day and wrote a letter to Mrs. Laverder, who was still in London. This letter she brought to her husband, asking him to address it for her, and hinting that he might look through it, for she was better at spelling the Gaelic than the English. Angus got a pen and sate down.

He had not read far when an angry

light came to his eyes. Moira's letter to her friend was not the letter which a young wife might be expected to write. It was very sad and mournful; and was all about her father, and the impossibility of conciliating him. There was not a word in it of her husband, or of his project of building a cottage with a slate roof, or of the recent state of the fishing around the coast. It was all her father, and her father, and her father; and the young fisherman's face grew dark. Finding that she had gone outside, he got another piece of paper and wrote as follows:—

"This is what Moira haz to tell to you, Mrs. Laffenter, and this is all she haz to tell to you, and it is not ferra much whatever. But there is another word I would say to you that Moira haz not said, and when a man marries a wife, is not to be triffen out of the house that he will marry a wife, and this is what haz come to us, that Moira she will think nothing of from the morning to the night but the quarrel with John Fergus, and it is not any other thing she will think of, and there is no man will haf the patience with that. And that is how we are, Mrs. Laffenter, and you will not trouple yourself to say a word of it to Moira, for I haf said a great many things to her; but it is no use there is in them, and all the day she will haf no word for me, and no laugh or a joke like a young lass, and it is the Gott's mercy there will be one or two young men about or I would go away to Glassgow indeed and mirover. And you waz ferra kind to us, Mrs. Laffenter, and it is no great gladness I haf in telling you the story, but I waz thinking if you got Moira's letter you would be for writing to John Fergus, and there will be no use in that at all. And I am your obedient servant to command, Angus M'Eachran. The feshen haz been ferra good round about Darroch since you waz here, but a man haz no heart to go to the feshen when he comes back to a discontented house."

He did not show Moira that second letter—he knew that remonstrance was of no avail; he merely inclosed it in the same envelope and addressed that to Mrs. Lavender in London.

A day or two afterwards Mr. MacDonald, the minister, came over to Ardtilleach, and he was a short distance from the village when, to his great surprise, he saw Angus M'Eachran sitting out on the rocks over the sea, in the company of old Donald Neil, and both of them making very merry indeed, as he heard from their

laughing. The minister crossed over to them. They were seated on the dry turf of the rocks; and there was a black bottle and a single glass between them.

"And are you ferry well, Angus?" said the minister. "And you, Donald Neil? And it wass no thought of seeing you, Angus, that I had this tay. You are not at the fishing?"

"No," said the young man, with some embarrassment. "A man cannot always be going to the fishing."

"I do not think," said the minister, "no, I do not think, Angus M'Eachran, there iss any young man but yourself in the whole of Ardtilleach this tay—except the young men in the curing-houses."

"Well, well!" said Angus shortly; "iss there any one of the young men hass been so often to the fishing ass I hef been, and where iss the one that hass ass much money in the bank at Styornoway?"

"Ay, ay," said the minister, "that iss a goot thing, and a ferry goot thing mirover; and you will find the goot of the money when you will pegin to puild the cottage with the slate roof. But the money will not get any the bigger, Angus M'Eachran, if you will stay at home on the fine tays for the fishing, ay, and if you will sit out on the rocks trinking whiskey in the middle of the tay!"

The minister had grown a trifle vehement.

"There iss no harm in a glass," said Angus M'Eachran, gloomily.

"There iss no harm in a glass!" retorted Mr. MacDonald, with impatience. "There iss no harm in a glass—ay, I know there iss no great harm in a glass if you will meet with a frient, and when the work iss tone, and then there iss no harm in a glass. But there iss a harm, and a ferry great harm, in it, Angus M'Eachran, if a young man will gif up his work, and tek to trinking in the middle of the tay—and not a glass, no, but a bottle—and it iss too much whiskey you hef frank this tay, Angus M'Eachran."

The young man made no protestation, no excuse. He sate moodily contemplating the rocks before him. His companion, the father of the young man who had taken Angus's place in the boat, was uncomfortably conscious of guilt, and remained silent.

"I do not know," Angus said at length, "I do not know, Mr. MacDonald, that I will go any more to the fishing."

"Hey!" cried the minister, "and iss

it a madman you are, Angus M'Eachran? And what will you do, then, that you will go no more to the fishing?"

"I do not know," he said, gloomily. "It iss not anything I hef the heart to do, unless it will be to go away to Glassgow; there iss not anything else I hef the heart to do."

"To Glassgow!" cried the minister, in angry excitement; "you, Angus M'Eachran! Ay, it iss once before I will stop you from going to Glassgow!"

"And that wass ferry well done!" said the young fisherman, with a bitter laugh, "and there wass much goot came of it, that we did not go away to Glassgow. Well, Mr. MacDonald, I will say nothing against you for that. It iss no fault to you that Moira and me — well, it iss not any use the speaking of it."

The minister turned to the old man.

"Tonald Neil, get up on your feet, and go away ofer to the road there. It iss a few words I hef to say to Angus M'Eachran."

The old man rose with some difficulty, and hobbled away over the rocks. No sooner had he gone than the minister, with an angry look in his face, caught up the black bottle, dashed it down on the rocks below, where the remaining whiskey spurted about in all directions.

"The teflle — and tam him! — tek effery drop of the whiskey you will trink in the tays when you should be at the fishing, Angus M'Eachran, and you with a young wife —"

"A young wife!" cried the fisherman bitterly (paying no attention to the destruction of the whiskey); "it iss no young wife I hef, Mr. MacDonald. It iss a young lass I hef marriet — yes, that iss true enough whateffer — but it iss a young lass that hass no thought for her husband, and hass no laugh or a joke at any time, and that sits by herself all the day, with her crying and her tiscontent, and will say no word when you reason with her; and iss that a young wife? No, py Kott, Mr. MacDonald, that iss no young wife — and why should I go to the fishing?"

"Ay, ay, Angus M'Eachran," said the minister, "this iss a ferry pad story you hef told me this day, and it wass no thought of this I had when you were married ofer at the manse, and when Mrs. Laffenter will come back in the evening, and when she wass ferry sorry that John Fergus wass an angry man, I will be saying to her, 'Mrs. Laffenter, it wass effery one knew that before; and it wass no

shame to you, and no fault to you, that he wass still a foolish man. And Moira Fergus, she will be petter, ay, and ferry much petter, to go and lif with Angus M'Eachran than with John Fergus, and it iss a ferry goot thing you hef done this tay, and it iss ferry kind of you to come all the way from Borva."

"Ay, ay," said Angus, "that wass well said, Mr. MacDonald; for who could hef told that this would come out of it?"

"But you must have patience with the lass, Angus," the minister said, "and you will say a word to her —"

"I will say a word to her!" exclaimed Angus, with a flash of fire in his eyes. "Iss it one word, or fife huntret tousant words I hef said to her? No, I will say no more words to her — there hass been too much of that mirover. It iss to Glassgow I am going, and then she will go back to her father — and tam him!"

"Then you will be a wicket man, Angus M'Eachran!" exclaimed the minister, "ay, a foolish and a wicket man, to think of such things! And what will you do in Glassgow?"

"I do not know."

"No, you do not know! You will take to the whiskey, that iss what you will do in Glassgow. Angus M'Eachran, I tell you to put that out of your head; and when I come back from the schoolhouse, ay, I will go and see Moira, and I will say a word to her, but not any word of your going to Glassgow, which iss a foolish thing for a young man to think of."

He did as he had promised; and on his entering Angus M'Eachran's house he found Moira alone.

"Well, well," he said to her, "it iss a goot thing for a young wife to be tiligent, and look after the house; but there iss more ass that that iss wanted of a young wife — and I hef just seen Angus M'Eachran, Moira."

"Ay," said the girl, rather indifferently; "and hass he not gone out to the fishing?"

"No, he hass not gone out to the fishing; and this is what I hef to say to you, Moira, that unless you take care, ay, and ferry great care, ay, he will go out to the fishing not any more."

She looked up quickly, and in fear.

"Is Angus ill?"

"Ill! Ay, he is ill; but it iss not in his pody that he iss ill. He iss a fine, strong young man, and there iss many a young lass would hef been glad to hef Angus M'Eachran for her husband; and now that he iss marriet, it wass you,

Moir, that should be a good wife to him. And do you know why he is not at the fishing? It iss bekaas he hass no heart to go to the fishing. And why should a young man hef no care for his work and his house? — unless this, Moira, that the house is not agreaple to him."

The girl sighed.

"I know that, Mr. MacDonald," she said. "It iss many's the time Angus will say that to me."

"And in Kott's name then, Moira," said the minister, indignantly, "why will you not mek the house lighter for him? Iss it nothing to you that your husband will hef a dull house, ay, and a house that will trife him into idleness such as no young man in Ardtilleach would speak of? Iss it nothing to you, Moira?"

The girl turned to him, with her eyes full of tears.

"Iss it nothing to me, Mr. MacDonald? Ay, it iss a great teal to me. And it iss many the time I will say to myself that I will heed no more the quarrel with my father, and that if he will go by in the fillage without a look or a word, that will be nothing to me. But it iss ferry easy, Mr. MacDonald, to say such things to yourself; and it iss not so ferry easy for a young lass to hef a quarrel with her father, and that all the neiphours will see there iss a quarrel, and not a look or a word between them not any more ass if they wass stranchers to each other. Ay, ay, that iss no light thing for a young lass —"

"Well, I hef no patience with you, Moira," said the minister. "Wass not all this pefore you when you wass getting marriet?"

"Ay," said the girl, with another sigh, "that iss a true word. But there are many things that you will expect, and you will not know what they are until they hef come to you, Mr. MacDonald, — and — and —"

"Well, well, well!" said the minister, rather testily, "now that it hass come to you, Moira, what iss the use of fretting, and fretting, and fretting —"

"There iss no any use in it, Mr. MacDonald," she said, simply. "But it iss not effery one will be apble to put such things out of the mind — no, that iss not easy to do."

He stood about for a minute or two, impatient, angry, and conscious that all his reasoning and arguments were of no avail.

"I will go ofer to the curing-house,"

said he, "and hef a word with your father."

"Mr. MacDonald, you will hef the trouble for nothing. What will you do when Miss Sheila Mackenzie will not be apble to do anything? And it iss many a one in the fillage hass gone to my father — and it iss always the same — he will hear no word of me; and if they hef been anxious and ferry anxious, then he will get ferry angry, and they hef come away more afraid of him than effer. No, that iss no use, Mr. MacDonald, the going to my father at the curing-house."

"Then it iss a last word I hef to say to you, Moira," said the minister in an altered tone, as he stepped forward and took her hand. "You are a good lass, and you are not willing to do harm to any one. It iss a great harm you are doing to Angus M'Eachran — ay, indeed, Moira, you hef goot cause to wonder — but that iss true, and it iss a great harm you are doing to yourself. For if there iss no lightness in the house, a young man will not stay in the house, and if his wife iss always fretting and hass no laugh for him when he comes home, he will hef it in his heart not to come to the house at all, and that iss ferry pad for a young man. And you must try, Moira, to get rid of your fretting; or you will be ferry sorry one tay that you tit not get rid of your fretting. Now good-bye, Moira; and mind what I hef said to you this tay."

So the minister left, not in a very hopeful or happy mood. As he passed the house of John Fergus, he frowned; and then he remembered that he had not checked Angus M'Eachran for using a certain phrase about John Fergus.

"Well, well," thought Mr. MacDonald, "it is no great matter; and if I was Angus M'Eachran perhaps it is the same words I would be for using, whether the minister wass there or no."

From The Spectator.

AN ITALIAN SPRING IN ENGLAND.

WE were all of us grumbling all the winter, and not entirely without excuse, at the unprecedented length of the keen and gloomy weather. Most people caught cold in December, and never stopped shivering till near the middle of April; and certainly during March, dry as the month was, there were hardly above three days when any one could

have persuaded himself that spring was near. Even in the south of England the hedges showed no leaf of green till long after the primroses in the copses and violets in the lanes were in luxuriant blossom, and at one time even sanguine people were heard to express fears lest all the trees had struck work, and given up the intention of becoming green again. In some places there were full as many signs of spring on the trees in January as there were in the middle of April, and it looked at one time as if the trees had taken as severe a cold as the human beings, and were unable to shake it off. But for all this tardiness and reserve, we have certainly had a rare and a full compensation. It is the custom to talk of the beauty of an English May, but for seven years back, at least, May has been a month of shuddering and of blight,—of shrinking of the spirit and of wilting of the trees. And even the last lovely May the present writer can recall, the May of 1868, was not like the May of this year. Then there had been weather of unusual beauty earlier in the year, and the spring came upon us with none of the sudden loveliness of this year's spring. In England almost for the first time within what is now a very considerable experience, the spring, long delayed, has come abruptly, with all the softness of an early summer, and yet with all the freshness of true spring. Not a single tree shows those painful signs of pinched or blackened leaves due to the frosts which follow on soft weather. The weather of the last fortnight has been like the weather which the returning trade-winds bring to the tropics when the rainy season is over, only without the mid-day glare. So perfect is the freshness, and yet so sudden the softness and the brilliant lucidity of the air, that if the English people could in a single day change their habits to those of open-air life, we believe they would do so with common consent. Even an Italian spring could not rival the weather we have recently enjoyed. The only drawback, and it is so rare a phenomenon in England that it is hardly a drawback, is that there has been hardly any graduation visible in the leaf between the bud and the full bright green of early summer. A day's rain fell, and then the beeches, and oaks, and elms were all, as by one consent, in full dress at once, and only the ashes and Spanish chestnuts kept back, so as to remind us that the summer was not quite here. The woods which were

bare one day, even while carpets of primroses and anemones gave the ground inside them an almost unearthly brilliance, were all but full out three or four days later. This is a sort of effect which we very rarely have in England, and though theoretically it seems a little hard to lose the beauty of the gradual change, practically it is no small compensation that what we ordinarily see is *not* a gradual change in one direction, but a succession of bursts and blights, from which at last the foliage emerges with many a seam and scar, telling of bitter troubles and sharp discouragements. We remember an innocent lady boasting that her tulip-leaves had crinkles in them which her friend's had not, evidently regarding those crinkles as marks of beauty when they were merely marks of blight. Well, in almost all English springs a large number of the leaves are "crinkled" by the frosts which succeed their first burst into leaf, and happy is the neighbourhood in which a good proportion of the leaves are not blackened as well as shrunk, in consequence of the indomitable way in which winter keeps returning and returning upon us after he has made believe to go. For our parts, we would gladly compound, if we could, for such a spring as we are having now by bearing every year such a winter as we had this year, a winter when hardly any human being felt quite himself, or quite satisfied that he was not a little crazed by the long spell of repellent weather for the first three months in the year. Nothing gives so completely the sense of enfranchisement as the sudden springing-open of doors and windows, and the complete cessation of any need for the *shelter* of the house. Nothing, too, perhaps, causes so sudden an access of laziness, and desire to enjoy the wealth of mere existence, and live in the sensation of sunshine, colour, and fresh air; but then, even if one cannot be really lazy, there is some sort of approach to enjoyment in that half-laziness which indulges the longing for laziness, in leaning back to drink in glimpses of golden weather as one gets them through the open windows, and in the mere touch of the bright soft air.

That all the English birds have taken the most lively delight in the spring every one who lives in the country must be well convinced. But we have grave doubts whether the birds which come here from the south appreciate this sort of weather. We have often had our suspicions that we "impute ourselves" to

the nightingale when we assume, as we are apt to do, that it enjoys an Italian spring as we do. As far as the present writer's observation extends, one of two things is true,—either the nightingale does not like balmy, soft English springs, or if it does, the abundance of its song is not a sign of pleasure, but rather an effort to be, like Mark Tapley, jolly under creditable circumstances. Certainly neither the nightingale nor the cuckoo has been lavish of its song this year, but decidedly economical. The cuckoo has seldom been heard to repeat itself so little, to give forth isolated "cuckoos" so often, and to take so little pleasure in that constant iteration which some people detest and others love. Two springs ago, when every night was cold with sharp east wind, the nightingale sang with a brilliancy and persistency which seemed almost to imply that there was a combination among them, that a special choir had been engaged for almost every village in the south of England; and the cuckoo rivalled the nightingale in singing all night long. This year, on the contrary, neither bird has been eloquent, and we wish we could make out whether the comparative silence is from a state of satisfaction which leaves nothing to be desired,—not even song,—or from a certain disappointment in finding the climate so much less bracing than they had hoped. We are so little accustomed to human beings coming north for the mere sake of the cold,—though East and West Indians, indeed, do often come home expressly for the cold,—that we are much too apt to assume that the migratory birds like best the weather which we like best. If it be true, as seems not unlikely, judging from human analogies, that singing is a sign of inward satisfaction, we are strongly disposed to believe that the birds from the south greatly prefer the dry, cold weather to the soft and balmy weather we are now having. If it be otherwise, we ought to attribute far more energy of character to the cuckoo and the nightingale than we usually do, for it would be really a very commendable thing to sing through the bleak weather only for the purpose of counteracting the melancholy which the blackness would be likely to cause to the shivering hen-birds. Even during this spring we have observed that the nightingales have sung far more on the colder nights, when there was a touch of north or east in the air than on the warmer; but we are rather

disposed to refer the fact to a Kingsleyan preference for hyperboreal breezes, than to arduous and disinterested efforts of energetic virtue.

Is it mere fancy that the beauty of the weather, coming so immediately as it has done upon the rigours of winter, has produced a modifying effect on the somewhat unimpressionable character of Englishmen, by making them, as it were, suddenly conscious that there may be something worth taking in, and even attending to, in the minuter shades of the mere sense of existence,—by suddenly awakening them to that least apprehended of all the lessons which Englishmen have tried to impress on Englishmen, that

there are powers

Which of themselves the mind impress,
And that we feed this mind of ours
By a wise passiveness.

Have not even Mr. Disraeli's two *bêtes noires* of English art, the constable and the cabman, been seen this spring in gently musing attitudes, even without a pipe to account for those attitudes, enjoying themselves in a manner which seemed to suggest that they felt power entering into them without any effort of their own,—and power, too, which they found pleasure in keeping stored up within them, instead of immediately giving it out again, as they usually do in the case of supplies of physical nutriment or stimulus, in their ordinary energetic but unlovely expletives. If we had but more seasons like this, we can even conceive a modification of national character which would give a grain of something like sensuous receptiveness to the English character,—an element which might, perhaps, weaken its coarse activity, but would certainly embellish its fancy, and give it more of vivacity and discrimination in relation to physical life. The result, if it were so, would be to make the English character something more like what it is when reflected in Shakespeare's imagination, than what it is in reality. Open-air life assuredly does add something of grace and beauty to the character of a people, which is not otherwise to be attained; and we fancy we see the germ of a modification of this sort in the unusual quietness and reflectiveness of even coarse and vulgar faces, as they drink in almost sedately, with something like even Italian dignity, the beauty of this Italian spring.

From The Spectator.
THE ÆSTHETIC MODIFICATIONS OF
DISSENT.

It did not need the care which is evidently being spent on the New Congregational Memorial Hall and the mild and manly speeches made there on Saturday on occasion of the presentation of two portraits of leading Congregationalists to the hall, to prove to us that in these latter days English Dissent is changing its temper very fast, and giving up all the austerity of its ancient tone. Indeed art is now rapidly finding its way into the churches of the Dissenters, music is beautifying their services. Learning is elevating their criticism, and general culture softening their doctrine, so that the Dissenters' tone of chronic displeasure with the reigning creed is rapidly being exchanged for that of earnest desire to supply the deficiencies and elevate the expressive character of their own modes of worship. Even in Scotland the fascinations of music are now not always held up to abhorrence even in the severest of the Presbyterian churches. And in England not only are music, architecture, and painting freely used by the Dissenting Churches in producing a religious impression on the minds of their worshippers, but even in relation to much more sharply controverted matters, like liturgies and forms of Church government, we constantly hear opinions expressed which would have horrified the Puritan ancestors of our modern Nonconformists. Once it used to be Episcopacy which excited the wrath and religious hatred of the severest Dissenters, while no one ever dreamt that to lend the aid of the State to a creed and ecclesiastical polity really believed to be divine, could be anything but a pious and righteous policy. Now a totally opposite tone prevails. We hardly ever read the account of a Nonconformist conference or meeting where something genial and even sympathetic is not said of the Episcopal experiment of government, supposing that that experiment were tried without the alliance of the State. In Parliament, the other day, Mr. Richard endeavoured to prove, by the rapid increase of dioceses and bishops in the United States, as compared with the stationary number of English dioceses and bishops, that alliance with the State is a deplorable evil *because* it obstructs the progress of the Episcopal Church. In bygone times a genuine Dissenter would have thought twice before proposing to dissolve an

alliance which, in his belief, would really have had the effect of restricting the spread of Episcopacy and hampering its influence. Yet we have more than once heard even Congregationalists speak of the Episcopal form of government with interest and sympathy, while protesting against the adventitious State aid lent to it. In Scotland, of course, none of the great leaders of the Free-Church movement ever doubted for a moment of the abstract expediency of establishments, — of the right kind, — though Scotland had smitten the Episcopalians hip and thigh on the express ground of the sinfulness of Episcopalianism itself. Yet now, even in Scotland, we hear much less of the idolatry of Episcopalianism and much more of the evil principle of establishments, than at any previous period. The truth seems to be that everywhere Dissenters are becoming conscious that there is a deeper need for considerate forms and studied beauty in devotional life, than in the heat of the struggle with the ecclesiastical tyranny of former times they had been at all willing to admit, and that it is impossible nowadays to rest the objection to the State Church either on the teaching or on the discipline of that Church, so much is there to be said for forms of ecclesiastical life of a much more elaborate and complex kind than any of those to which at first the Puritans confined their sanction. In other words the æsthetic and intellectual life of the Dissenters is growing so rapidly as to disinclose them completely to join issue with the Church of the nation on any point which raises *merely* questions of truth or of æsthetic expediency. They must fight their battle on the ground of political justice, or they would hardly fight it at all.

And it can hardly be denied that this new catholicity of feeling in Dissent, — this new disposition of the Dissenting Churches to feel their way towards sympathy with many forms both of doctrine and ecclesiastical administration, with which they had no sympathy at all before, — produces a very real effect in relaxing even that antagonism to establishments which has apparently taken the place of all other straitlacedness among the Puritan Nonconformists. Denominations which have found out that there are all sorts of fine chords of intellectual and emotional sympathy between them and a National Church, which see the difficulties of a very narrow scheme of doctrine, and are not even prepared

to regard bishops as pure evils, will certainly not be able to regard their own religious life as the only religious life worth having; and therefore will hardly be so eager to disestablish the National Church as they would have been if they had thought it altogether false and bad. It is clear enough that those who regard a creed as false and a system as tyrannical, must be very much more anxious to disentangle it from national institutions than those will be who think the creed one largely mixed with good, and the system one well worth trying. When every statue, or picture, or painted widow in the national churches was thought to be a sign of idolatry, and every vestige of prelacy was thought a treachery to the evangelic and apostolic principle, it was of course held to be a positive apostacy for the nation to endow a Church guilty of these offences. But so soon as Dissenters began to find good largely diffused through the National Church, and had even taken the line of trying to persuade that Church how much more influential it might be, and how much more rapidly it might spread, if it did but throw off all the fetters of State aid, it stood to reason that they could hardly feel the same passionate desire to dissolve the union between Church and State that they did when they thought that that union rendered homage to apostacy and lies. You cannot protest against that with which you have large sympathies, as you can against that with which you have no sympathy at all. If a man's own nervous system could be so extended as to involve his antagonist in it, and to make him feel with his antagonist at every stroke, do you think he could strike at that antagonist as he did before? It is obvious that a catholic-minded Dissent cannot be so dissenting as a Dissent that is not catholic-minded but purely dissentient. Increase the number of consentiences with any institution, and you diminish the working force of the dissentiences. Multiply the number of interests which are common to Dissenters and the Church, and you can hardly leave the number of conflicting interests between them anything but weakened. The mind of Dissent in relation to the Church is becoming something like that of an impartial observer who cannot agree with all he hears, and cannot sympathize with all he sees, but who, nevertheless, hardly hears anything with which he does not feel some kind of sympathy, and hardly sees

anything which does not excite in him some gleam of gratified taste or feeling. Excepting Ritualism, there is probably hardly anything in the Church of the nation which ordinary Dissenters now genuinely detest. Nay, what is more, there is hardly one of the great Dissenting sects which is not beginning to be aware of its own deficiencies, and to look outside itself for the best hints as to how they may be supplied. All this new perception is what we express by the general word "culture," and we think it can hardly be doubted that culture has a much stronger influence in taking the ardour out of ecclesiastical crusades, that any supposed tendency injurious to State alliances with religion in the spirit of the age can compensate. All the tendencies of the age, even the æsthetic tendencies which, as we see, are affecting Dissent quite as powerfully as they are affecting any other part of the ecclesiastical world, urge men towards comprehension, towards freely communicating to each other their doubts and difficulties and hopes and fears instead of making believe very much that each Church is separately infallible, though all the Churches are at variance with each other.

Now, this tendency towards comprehension can hardly be satisfied except in a National Church of confessedly comprehensive character. And therefore, even if we admit that the timidity and sensitiveness of the day in dealing with religious beliefs incline a great many persons to rid politics of the complication of religious difficulties by the apparently simple device of disestablishing and disendowing the Church, and so secularizing politics, yet it is obvious that it would not be without a real and costly sacrifice of men's higher aims that this device of political convenience could be adopted. For the notion, which is so much pressed, that abstract justice requires the State to give no more countenance to one creed than to another, will not bear a moment's examination. What would English opinion say, if it were proposed that the State should be perfectly evenhanded in dealing with Mohammedan and Mormon and Christian notions of marriage? Why is the State bound to be absolutely impartial to all faiths, on the ground that Englishmen are divided about them, though it is not bound to be absolutely impartial to all moral creeds, on the ground that Englishmen are divided about them? The

growing comprehensiveness and culture of Nonconformity will certainly not tend to make Nonconformists lay more stress on the argument from abstract justice, unless it also tends to make them feel, as the Irish Catholics felt, that the national Establishment is alien to the genius of the nation and a burden upon its National spirit. If the feeling of the nation becomes more and more kindly to the Established Church, the culture and taste of the nation will be more and more favourable to retaining and widening it, and the argument against it derived from abstract justice will wither away, just as the argument derived from abstract justice against a throne or an aristocracy dies away in the face of the conviction that the nation does not, in fact, suffer from the abstract injustice of these arrangements, but rather flourishes under them. We may be quite sure that the larger-minded the Nonconformists grow, — unless indeed the Church should grow more Ritualistic, as they grow more able to apprehend the advantage of large creeds and a rich devotional literature, and simple artistic forms, — the more will their zeal for pulling down the Establishment cool. They may see no other way to extricate the House of Commons from the theoretical difficulty of discussing creeds in which more than half of its constituents do not believe; but even if, seeing no other way, they lend a reluctant assent to the cry for disestablishment and disendowment, they will feel less and less ardour in the cause, and more and more relentings towards a Church in which so many forms of faith and so many types of devotional taste can find not only a refuge, but a means of communicating freely and naturally with each other. Nonconformists cannot really throw their heart into the attack on the National Church, and yet yearn towards it as a Church with which, were it but disestablished, they could feel large sympathies. The taste for solemn and time-honoured forms, the love of sacred art, the sympathy with various schools of thought, the reverence for learned divines of many creeds and many ages, can have but one effect, — to soften the outlines of sectarian zeal, and lend a fascination to the dreams of a fuller and better-organized scheme of comprehension. We see the results already in such speeches as Mr. S. Morley's, last Saturday, who, while holding fast to the principle of disestablishment, still avows himself much more eager to proceed by

the positive method of earnest, voluntary work, than by the negative method of aggression. That preference is and must be the net result of growing taste and enlarging sympathy in Nonconformists. And the consequence of that preference cannot but be to paralyze the propagandist zeal of the assailants of the Church, and to awaken new fellow-feeling with those who wish to share its blessings more largely, instead of to exult in the enjoyment of exclusive privileges.

From The Saturday Review.

THE SUCCESS OF HUMBUGS.

A CERTAIN school of moralists is given to preaching upon the connection between right and might. No work, they declare, whether in the sphere of thought or of practice, will stand unless it is thoroughly honest. Time will always sift the wheat from the tares; and every true thought and genuine deed will have its value when the more showy performances of charlatans have disappeared from the face of the world. That this doctrine is in some sense true, as it is undoubtedly consoling, need not be disputed; but it must be admitted that it is occasionally very difficult to reduce it to practice. The preachers, in fact, of whom we are speaking fall into great apparent inconsistencies. The doctrine that right is might, as regarded from one side, glides with unpleasant facility into the apparently identical doctrine that might is right. If everything which is good must succeed, then success becomes a sufficient test of merit; and on such principles we are tempted to fall into the vulgar and debasing worship of success for its own sake. The reply would probably be that we must distinguish between temporary and permanent success. Napoleon founded his empire upon injustice, and therefore it fell to pieces; Frederick had a regard for the everlasting truths, and therefore his dynasty has flourished and increased. Assuming this to be true, it must be admitted that we have a pretty wide field for controversy. Some people, for example, would invert the supposed relation between Frederick and Napoleon, and appeal to the next century for the reversal of the verdict given by this. Obviously the test requires a good many qualifications before it can be applied with any confidence. The teachers who apply it most unhesi-

tatingly are able, whenever it is convenient, to adopt the very opposite conclusion. The world, according to them, is for the most part in the hands of the knaves and fools who between them form the vast majority of the species. A hero appears every now and then who shows a deeper insight into the realities; but he is succeeded by mere windbags and charlatans who speedily forget his teaching. A Cromwell is followed by a Charles II.; and if he laid sound foundations, it must be at least admitted that they have been lost under a vast superstructure of rubbish. Democracy has been succeeding in the highest degree for some time past, and is apparently not unlikely to advance to further triumphs. Yet democracy involves a denial of the eternal truths expressed in the doctrine of hero-worship. Our only consolation must be in the maxim that right is might interpreted after the opposite fashion, and thus rendered equivalent to the statement that true principles must get the upper hand after an indefinitely prolonged period of chaos and the reign of folly. So that, after all, the assertion seems to come to little more than this—that the success of things which we approve shows that our approbation was reasonable, whilst the success of things which we disapprove cannot last indefinitely.

This is a comfortable opinion, but it obviously is of little use as a controversial weapon, for it is equally reconcilable with any view of the facts. A more prosaic mode of stating the proposition would seem to be that the truth of an opinion or the solidity of a piece of work gives it a certain advantage in the struggle for existence. Truth tends to prevail because it has generally one more point in the game than its adversary; but even that statement is not quite accurate. The philosophers who try to represent the history of thought as the embodiment of a certain logical evolution may be correct in the long run, but their view requires to be modified in application to shorter periods. The process by which the human mind advances is not a gradual discovery of new facts and of new laws, so that every stage of opinion is a mere expansion of the preceding stage. Rather it is a process of making every possible blunder, and discovering by slow experience that it won't work. No opinion is so absurd as not to have been held by some philosopher; for the simple reason that philosophizing means

trying in succession every possible combination of opinions. Those which turn out to be fruitless are gradually cast aside; though the old errors are constantly reappearing under a slightly different dress. At most, therefore, we improve by a constant series of rough approximations, each of which involves a considerable error; though the error involved may tend to become gradually less. Nor can it be said that the erroneous part of an opinion is always that which causes its failure. Some persons maintain that the success of false religions is proportional to the amount of truth contained in them. Mahommedanism flourished, not because Mahommed was, as our ancestors called him, a clever impostor, but because he announced some great truths the effect of which was impeded by the admixture of gross error. But it must be added that the error was probably necessary to make the truth palatable. A worshipper of Mumbo-Jumbo cannot understand a pure religion until he has been educated into a capacity for new ideas, or until the truths have been adulterated by combination with the cruder ideas which can find admission to his brain. Doctrines that come pure from the lips of their first teachers take up into a kind of chemical combination the crude superstitions which are popular amongst their hearers, and, were it not for that power, they would be incapable of diffusing themselves.

If this is the case with the progress of the race in general, why should we expect to find it otherwise in regard to the individual? A man may possibly be too good for this world, as it is certainly very easy to be too bad. Here and there, though the phenomenon is not so common as is sometimes suggested, we may find a thinker who has really been far in advance of his age, and who has been entirely overlooked in consequence. He has taught a philosophy which may be intelligible in the distant future, but which is entirely above the capacities of the existing race. When we disinter such a man from the decaying rubbish of his contemporaries, we say naturally that he was the salt of the earth, and that his keener perceptions of the truth, filtered through the grosser intellects of his disciples, were the force which kept thought from extinction. It may be so in some cases; but it is possible to take a very different view. What is the use, we may fairly ask, of a man who was so wise that

nobody could understand him in his life, and who is only studied by a remote posterity who honour him for anticipating their ideas? He influenced nobody when he was alive; and though we may admire him now that he has been dead for a century or two, we admire him as a singular phenomenon rather than submit to his power as a spiritual force. The stupid people, whom we forget because they were on a level with their generation, really did the work; and a man, however great, whose greatness is not recognized by his contemporaries, really produces but a very small influence upon the later generation which has first found out his merits. In "The Last of the Barons," Lord Lytton described a perfectly impossible person who discovered the steam-engine during the Wars of the Roses. If he had been an historical character, he would obviously have been a wasted force. The smallest practical invention which would have worked at the time of discovery would have been of infinitely greater use than an anticipation of later inventions. We might admire the man who anticipated Watt, but his discovery would be superfluous for us, as it was thrown away at his time. What is true of a mechanical invention is true to some extent of an idea. If it falls upon ground not yet prepared for its reception, it might as well have never been sown.

In this sense, then, we might possibly say that some admixture even of humbug may be useful as an alloy to convert the solid metal of truth into currency. When a writer enjoys a contemporary reputation altogether out of proportion to his solid merits, the righteous and the jealous delight in comparing him to the green bay-tree, and wrap themselves in the belief that he is working for the present whilst they are labouring for posterity. Assuming their hypothesis to be true, is it so clear that they have the advantage? The poems of Ossian, one may perhaps say, were a humbug. They were destitute of any solid merit, whatever their historical origin, and nobody finds it possible at the present day even to read the bombast which sent our grandfathers into fits of enthusiasm. Other contemporary poetry, such as Gray's, for example, was not duly appreciated when it was written, and is only now rising to its just level. Would not every right-feeling man rather be a Gray than a MacPherson? To answer fairly, we must look for a moment at the opposite side of the account. Ossian's poetry undoubtedly

produced a great effect at the time of its publication. It was one of the forces which helped to upset the old canons of taste; it excited not only the fools, but such great men as Goethe; and, if it is now dead, it helped to stimulate some of the most living works of imagination of the time. Gray, on the contrary, comparatively neglected, is known by heart to all modern pretenders to literary taste. He cannot be said to have originated a school, or much to have affected subsequent developments of thought. If he is regarded as a classic in his way, he is, like other classics, valued in the study, but rarely serves as a model for later work. Why should not the man who gave an impulse but died after it was given be valued as much as the man who gave none, but who retains that kind of suspended vitality which is all that can belong to any but the very greatest a century or so after their death? Why should it be better to have a thousand readers of whom nine hundred are not born till a later period than a thousand contemporary readers? The same principle might of course be applied to statesmanship or to success in practical life. A great minister may be a charlatan; he may have had no eye for the deeper issues of the time, and may have worked with an eye for his own success, but blindfolded as regards the future. Still his power of appealing to the instincts of his contemporaries gave him a real force, which the philosophical historian must take into account though he may condemn the men who wielded it. The virtuous person who persisted in trying to cut blocks with razors may have been thrown away in consequence of his virtues. Burke's writings have made him a teacher for future generations; but if his writings had been lost, or if we regard him simply as a statesman, we may be inclined to think that he made less impression upon the actual events of the time than many men whom it would be in some sense profane to mention in the same sentence. And, in like manner, though we may respect the lawyer who is too high-principled to get briefs, the doctor who can't get patients because he can't flatter, or the merchant who never makes a fortune because he despises speculation, we may frankly admit that they might have done more work, and even more good work, if they had been a little more on a level with the modes of thought of their time.

Nor indeed is the conclusion really im-

moral. Undoubtedly it might be pressed into the service of the persons who agree with the Yankee who believed "in humbug generally," because it was a thing which he perceived "to have a solid vally." But, in truth, it is merely one corollary from the very obvious and salutary truth that in this world happiness and success are not strictly proportioned to virtue. It would be a bad thing, we all know, if the devil had all the good music; and it would be equally undesirable that he should have all the fools or even all the knaves on his side. The majority would be too overpowering. Luckily there are, if not knaves, at least humbuds on all sides; and though they do not mean it, good may even in this sense come out of evil. The world would be much simpler if the goats and sheep could be kept in two separate herds. As matters are, it is a comfort to reflect that the goats may be pressed into a service to which in the abstract they have an aversion. If it is safe to assume that the world improves on the whole, we may believe that truth will gradually work itself free of error, and the solid work supplant the shams. But it is a complicated and slow process; and there is no test of universal application which will enable us to say, in regard to any given works, this is entirely sound and enduring, and that hopelessly rotten and temporary.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

AN UNCONSIDERED VIEW OF THE FUTURE OF EUROPE.

THERE is one aspect of the present condition of Europe which subjects the amiable delusions of thirty years since to perhaps the most dramatic form of exposure which they could have received. The doctrine that "the individual withers and the race is more and more," had, a generation ago, a political as well as a social application. There was probably no article of the orthodox Liberal creed more firmly held by Liberals than the belief that the influence of individual will, the importance of individual lives, would steadily diminish with the progress of the democratic principle. Just now, when Europe has been in a ferment at the idea that one man is bent upon plunging her into war, and has recovered her composure on learning that another man is disposed to preserve the peace, the doctrine to which we have referred may be said,

perhaps, to have reached the nadir of its discredit. Its utter refutation by facts is somewhat singular, considering that the democratic principle, on the progress of which its realization was said to depend, has undoubtedly progressed. The "year of revolutions" was but a year, but we cannot deny that everything is changed in Europe since those eventful days when crowns were tumbling to the ground everywhere, like so many apples in a gale of wind. The Constitutions of 1848 did not all of them wear very well, it is true; but the influence which begot them left its mark, and that a deepening and widening mark, upon European politics. No absolutist government of the present day is as despotic as it was before 1848; some which were absolutist then are to-day more or less constitutional in character. In none is it possible to say that the people count for as little as they used to do in the government of their country. Yet, in spite of all this, events have tended to concentrate power in fewer hands, until at last it has been possible to say that the fate of Europe rests at the arbitrament of two men, and that of the two the one whose power is less absolute in theory is perhaps the most powerful in fact. But whatever the nature of these two individual forces, whether original or delegated, there can be little doubt of their magnitude even apart from each other, or of the overwhelming force which they could exercise in combination.

To say, however, that the fate of Europe depends on a single will, or upon the will of two or three men, is to say that it depends upon one or two or three lives. And it is this reflection which is perhaps the most humbling to democratic pride in the matter. For if to the lives of those who concentrate the material power over Europe in their hands be added the life of the most powerful spiritual chief, we cannot but feel how precarious are the conditions on which all our attempts to forecast the European future must be made. Prince Bismarck, the czar, the pope — how much depends on the duration of two of these lives; how much might be changed by the termination of the third! And is there even the average security for the long duration of any of the three? Last week Pius IX. entered upon his eighty-fourth year. Prince Bismarck's is neither in point of age nor in point of health a life to which one could confidently add another decade. He is an overworked super-sensitive man of upwards of sixty, bearing a greater

load of official anxieties and responsibility than has been borne by any statesman of this century. He marches under it—but less erectly and with not so firm a step, noticeably, as he was wont to do. The czar is not old, but then he is not strong. He has been for some time in that state which is described as “giving anxiety to his friends;” and observers of his appearance at Berlin report the improvement in his health in very guarded terms. The life of no one of these three is such that men of prudence would count upon its long continuance with any degree of confidence, and the death of any one of them might, and probably would, alter the whole aspect of European affairs. The struggle between Germany and the Papacy which is distracting that country, and ever threatening to embroil her with her neighbours, could not but be affected either for good or ill by a demise of the triple crown. Whoever might be the new pope, it is certain that the relations between him and Germany would differ in one way or another from those maintained by the present pope. Whether he were Liberal or Ultramontane—prepared to “come to terms with the modern spirit,” or as rooted in opposition to it as Pius IX. himself—the situation would be changed; for if Pius IX. were able to transmit his opinions to his successor he could not transmit his personality; and that is not an unimportant element in the present situation. We have, moreover, to consider what turmoil, what intrigue, what persuasion and threatening will probably arise over the election of the new pope; and nobody knows what such strife might not end in. Again, the death of the Emperor Alexander would be fraught with momentous consequences in another way. It would remove the control of the policy of Russia from the hands of a sovereign who is at least on a footing of personal sympathy with the German emperor, to place it in the hands

of a successor whose sympathies and likings are believed to incline strongly the other way. And a czar sympathizing with France would not be the most likely or the best-qualified moderator of the hatred with which a large portion of his subjects regard Germany. On the effects of the death of Prince Bismarck himself it is unnecessary to speculate, for every one must feel that the removal of a statesman whose policy has been more emphatically personal than that of any statesman perhaps within living memory, and whose individuality makes itself felt at every turn of German or even European politics, would be far-reaching indeed. But the death of the emperor of Germany himself—another aged man—might also seriously affect the future. The strong will and the keen vision of the statesman would yet remain, but they would energize under different conditions; the material upon which the Imperial chancellor would have to work would be altogether changed, and therewith the results of its operation, probably.

The ease with which we can in practice put aside and ignore these considerations altogether is a proof that nations, like men, behave as though they believed in human immortality upon earth. We count upon the endurance of lives as we do upon the stability of the order of nature, and seem as little to suspect that we are building upon a foundation which may crumble at a touch. We talk of the “policy of Germany,” “the pacific views of the czar,” the “irreconcilable attitude of the Papacy,” as though these things were as eternal as the stars, and subject to as little variation as their motions in the heavens. It is strange how seldom we reflect that these three phrases are but names for the individualities of three mortal men, two of whom show no very marked promise of long life, while the other has already outlived the allotted human span.

TEMPERATURE OF THE SUN'S SURFACE.—M. Faye, in the *Comptes Rendus*, discusses Mr. Langley's observations on the relative temperature of different parts of the sun's surface, drawing special attention to the result arrived at by Mr. Langley that the equatorial regions of the sun are not sensibly hotter than the polar, and that therefore all

analogies founded on terrestrial phenomena such as trade-winds are false, the currents in the sun being, not towards the equator, but parallel to it, as shown by the drift of sun-spots. M. Faye hence derives support for his theory of the sun in contradistinction to that of P. Secchi.